Saturday Review

July 27, 1963 25¢

HOW THE PRESIDENT MAKES A DECISION

BY THEODORE C. SORENSEN

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THE VERDI-WAGNER AN

By Herbert Weinstock

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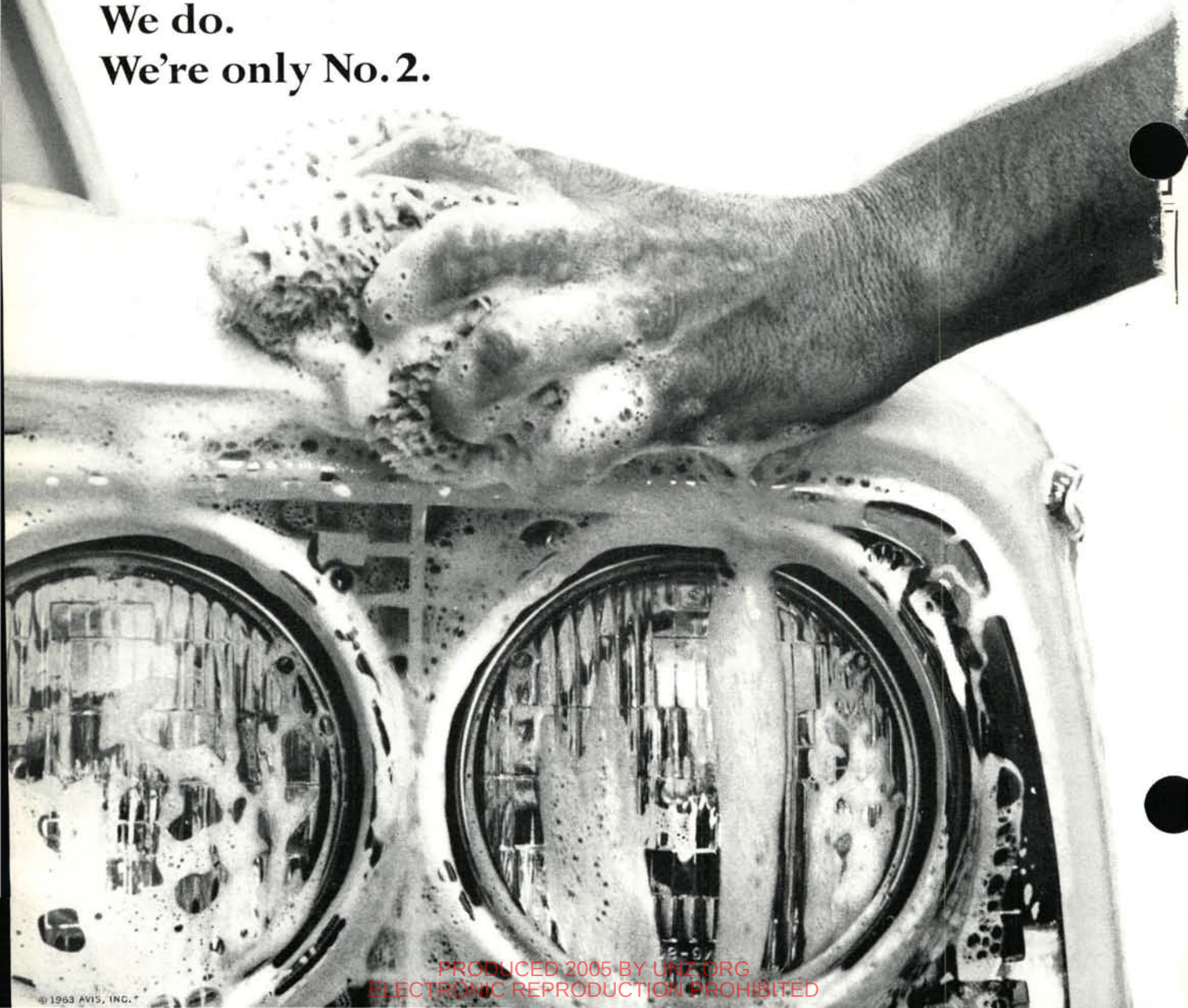

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

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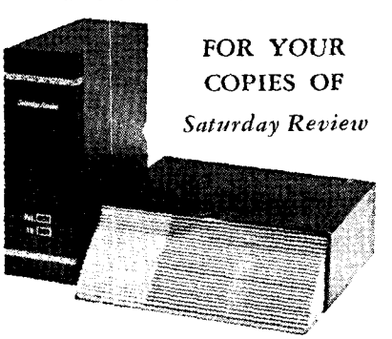

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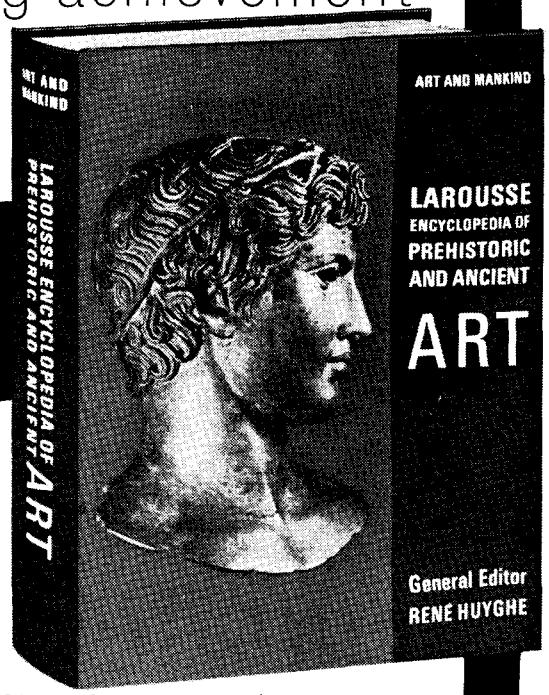

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The Ugly Amphibian

Edited by Martin Levin

THE FROG

THE frog starts life as a fish and a vegetarian. Although he's a potential amphibian, the chances are that if he thinks about the future he does so fishwise. It takes him about a year to begin metamorphosing and when the big day comes, without an analyst or even a close friend he can really talk to, he absorbs his tail. This gives his machine shop a chance to retool in order to be ready for the big switch from salads to steaks and chops. He's through with the old school and standing on his own.

Question: Why do frogs like to live near the water?

Answer: Because it reminds them of their youth.

As adults, frogs sit around in the afternoon taking the sun and blending with the landscape. Along about cocktail time they start to make noises variously transliterated (Hmmm!) as Harrumph, Croak, and Brek kek kex ko ax. Brek kekking frogs used to get parts in comical Greek plays.

There are writers who refer to the noise these amphibians make as "the music of the frogs." These are the same writers who are enthusiastic about the "merry sounds of children at play." They are the Beethovens of the pen.

Some frogs have very nice legs. (Mistinguette, anyone?) The best way is with garlic and butter and crusty French bread. (Parbleu! Must it *always* be "crusty"? Oui.)

A toad has webbed feet . . . or the frog has. It's the easiest way to tell them apart. —HENRY MORGAN.

• • •

A BOUQUET OF SHRINKING VIOLETS
(Plucked from current journals)

JACK PAAR is simply too shy for words. According to the New York *Herald Tribune* for Sunday, April 21, Section 4, page 8. "He is basically a loner, a shy man," and Jack himself admits it on pages 80 and 81 of the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 11. Speaking of RICHARD NIXON Jack says on page 80, "He's basically shy like me." On page 81, "I'm a terribly shy guy." And on page 82, a witness confirms this: "'He seems a shy man,' a woman who lives near them said."

Then there's BERT LAHR, "a shy, soft-spoken . . . man," according to *Playbill*, March 25, page 5.

HUNTINGTON HARTFORD, "the man who owns Paradise" is "a polite man, soft of speech and reserved of manner. He is also shy." So says the *Saturday Evening Post* for April 27, on page 66.

LESLIE UGGAMS is "a shy type," according to the June *Esquire*, page 73.

ANN-MARGRET of the movies says, in the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 4, page 70: "There are four mes. . . . There's one me that's very quiet and shy."

RACHEL CARSON is "this shy female bachelor biologist" on page 45 of the June 1 *Saturday Review*.

FRANCOISE SAGAN "looks a good deal younger than she is, and often breaks into a certain, if shy, smile," in the "Lively Arts" section of the New York *Herald Tribune* for April 14.

CHOO-CHOO COLLINS, nightclub and television personality, admits on page 85 of the February *Esquire*. "I'm a little shy in some ways. . . . I do have this shyness."

And the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is described as "a shy and humble scholar" on page 76 of the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 4.

—GLADYS G. SCOTT.

• • •

PALE SCHOLAR

AND so to work. By nightfall, *Insh-allah*, I will have completed the antepenultimate dissection of this decomposing composition, this moribund morsel for the graves of academe. *Ecce homo*, a pendulum endlessly rocking: thesis and antithesis, strophe and catastrophe.

Distractional! Nulliparous Hall, *illicitamente* to every male student (note 1), looses its covey of coeds. Among the many there is the one—the one whose articulated (articulate!) limbs are concealed by insensible tweeds, whose rubescent face burgeons with acne vulgaris. Were it not for the parity of our ages, with what joy would I palpate each bulla and pustule! *Wie soll ich meine Seele halten* (note 2)? In short, I long.

I glance about my room. Though small in size, it is a measure of what can be accomplished by the marriage (increasingly rare) of flawed taste and insufficient funds. The very walls have, by their random exfoliation, inspired generations of fine-arts majors. On the desk one observes the pitiable flotsam of scholarship. The complete works of V. Nabokov (note 3). My tame twin caterpillars, Até and Areté. These, having dined wisely but not too well on a *soupçon* of academic ivy, are twined in what I charitably infer to be nothing more than postprandial somnolence. A sliver of verse, dredged from some fathomless depth of partisan irreverence, is beached on the morganatic oak:

I hope the Eumenides
Will catch up with the Kennedys.

Hark! Footsteps familiar; adumbrations of interruption. Enter roommate (rue, mate!) painted full of tongues: "Let's go, boy child, we're late for Remedial Comp. And for the love of Mike take off that beanie. Frosh Week was over last Wednesday."

Notes

1. *Male Student:* With this choice of adjective no less than of noun, I achieve a veritable apotheosis of imprecision.
2. *Pale Scholar*: A species of genius having a *penchant* for irrelevancies in *Stiefmuttersprachen*. Rilke is thought to have been something of a hermit (or more correctly, hismit).
3. *V. Nabokov*: Veronica Nabokov, that prolix progenitress of the several *Guides for Brides*. No relation.

—TRUDY DRUCKER.

• • •

BREAKDOWN

"Our National Anthem!"

The fans wriggle out of their seats,
Reluctantly patriotic.
Player, umpires
Pose at attention.

The machine grinds,
Splutters a few sour notes,
Wheezes, goes dead.
The fans fidget, waiting.

Over the loud-speaker
A voice heavy, solemn:
"We regret
That, due to mechanical trouble,
We are unable to . . ."

The fans, relieved,
Sink into their seats
With the first pitch.

—MELVILLE CANE.

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CONTRIBUTING EDITOR,
High Fidelity Magazine

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GOD'S A-GONNA CUT YOU DOWN —ODETTA
ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES —ODETTA
NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK FOR ME —ODETTA
OLD DAN TUCKER —CISCO HOUSTON
SQUIRREL —LEON BIBB
WE'RE ALL DODGIN' —THE WEAVERS
THE STATE OF ARKANSAS —THE WEAVERS
OLD JOE CLARK —JIMMY DRIFTWOOD
THE UNFORTUNATE MAN —JIMMY DRIFTWOOD
THE OX DRIVER —ODETTA
THE BUFFALO SKINNERS —CISCO HOUSTON
GET ALONG, LITTLE DOGIES —THE WEAVERS

MODERN MINSTRELSY

ANOTHER MAN DONE GONE —ODETTA
I'M GOING BACK TO THE RED CLAY COUNTRY —ODETTA
NO MORE CANE ON THE BRAZOS —ODETTA
DARLIN' —LEON BIBB
I'VE BEEN DRIVING ON BALD MOUNTAIN —ODETTA
WATER BOY —ODETTA
JOHN HARDY —CISCO HOUSTON
RAILROAD BILL —CISCO HOUSTON
HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN —RONNIE GILBERT
EAST TEXAS RED—CISCO HOUSTON
THE CAT CAME BACK —CISCO HOUSTON
MEET THE JOHNSON BOYS —THE WEAVERS
TALKING GUITAR BLUES —CISCO HOUSTON
I KNOW AN OLD LADY —ALAN MILLS
THE FOGGY DEW —ODETTA
THE WRECK OF THE OLD 97 —CISCO HOUSTON
THE SINKING OF THE *REUBEN JAMES* —CISCO HOUSTON
FRANKIE AND JOHNNY —ED McCURDY
WILD GOOSE GRASSES —THE WEAVERS
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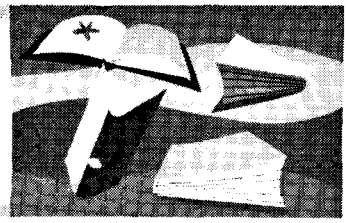
Trade Winds



WE DROPPED BY the Polo Grounds recently, just after the New York Mets had staggered home from a road trip involving seven straight losses, and found the noontime batting practice shrouded in gloom and ringing with an occasional caustic yelp from Casey Stengel. Behind a small protective screen near second base, we had a chance to learn from coach Cookie Lavagetto that all is not lost with the last-place Mets, especially if you consider brainpower instead of batting averages.

"Look at Ken MacKenzie over there," Cookie told us as a line drive sizzled over the screen. "He's a Yale man who got a brain like a whip. And Jay Hook. You can't get his nose out of scientific journals. And Larry Bearnarth, our relief pitcher. He knows as much about the classics as Casey knows about baseball. And don't ever undersell Casey. He knows more about everything than anyone needs to know—even if you never catch him reading a book."

JAY HOOK, a six-foot-one, 180-pounder who usually pitches, drifted back in right field to take a deep fly, and we dodged a couple of grounders to catch him on the run.

"I guess what I like to read most is the *Journal of the American Rocket Society*," he told us. "As a member, I like to keep up with things, but they move so fast it's almost impossible."

Hook doesn't plan to let himself get too far out of the picture, however. He has just completed the course work for his master's degree at Northwestern, and will write his thesis on the comprehension of junior high school students of advanced rocket and space information. He then plans to go on to take a Ph.D. in education, and someday hopes to teach college courses in space and rocketry. Meanwhile, he's suffering along with the rest of the Mets for the indignities being showered on them by the other National League teams, who seem to have little respect for their brainpower.

NEARBY, WEARING THE NUMBER 34, all 203 pounds of Larry Bearnarth were also shagging flies during the batting practice. We caught up with him long enough to discover that he had been an English major at St. John's University, and has a particular liking for J. D. Salinger, along with the English classics of the past.

"When you get out on the road," he told us, "the hotel rooms sometimes begin to close in on you. That's when I try to catch up on some of the books I missed in college. This trip—and don't mention the record, because it might be contagious—I read *The Scarlet Letter* and two Dickens novels. For some reason, you get a lot more out of them than you do in college."

By now Cookie Lavagetto had scooped up the last of the loose shag balls in a tan leather bag, and we fell

in beside him on the way to the clubhouse.

"Matter of fact," he said, "I really can't keep my nose out of a book. There's a library right near where I live, and my card is pretty well worn out. Last year, I got tired of waiting for Louis Nizer's book to become available, so I went to three bookstores before I found one in stock. When you want a book, you want it. That's all there is to it."

Cookie scans the *New York Times Book Review* every week, and keeps his two youngsters hopping as they try to match him in reading volume. "Right now I'm saving up for a new encyclopedia," he said. "The one I've got is ancient history."

IN THE CLUBHOUSE, the team was getting ready to meet the oncoming cutlasses of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Pitcher Al Jackson mentioned that he couldn't get his wife away from a book, and Jim Piersall, the outfielder who carries on considerable conversation with most of the umpires he encounters, admitted the same.

"I'm a TV man myself," Jim said, "but I think reading is great. Anybody who can do that—it's wonderful. My wife reads everything she can get her hands on. Me—I'm too nervous, too high-strung."

In his office, just off the main locker room, Casey Stengel was holding court with a few sportswriters, regaling them with enough anecdotes to make up a whole shelf of books. In a rare breathing space, one of the writers turned to us and said: "No wonder Casey never reads. He can't stop talking long enough!"

All the same, when we left the erudite gentleman at the Polo Grounds we felt a little as if we had been listening in on a Great Books seminar.

ANOTHER MAN handy with anecdotes, but far removed from baseball, is actor-writer-director Romney Brent. His private collection is inexhaustible, and should even outscore Casey Stengel's on the hypothetical bookshelf.

He recalls a story Agnes de Mille tells about her earliest yearnings to become a dancer. As her mother listened one night, she rushed through her conventional prayer and then, with her face glowing with purpose, she added: "And please, God, make Mummy and Daddy strong and flexible!"

Noel Coward is the subject of a good many anecdotes, and Romney Brent is not without one on this subject.

On the day of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, Mr. Coward was viewing the parade from a balcony. Suddenly an open landau appeared, carrying Queen Salote of the Tonga Islands, who was waving amiably to the admiring crowd; the spectators had obviously forgiven her ancestors for killing and even eating the invading British. With the Polynesian ruler, serving as her escort, was a small, impeccably dressed English official.

"Oh, look," exclaimed a woman friend standing near Mr. Coward. "Isn't she too utterly adorable! But who is that sitting opposite her?"

"Her lunch," answered Mr. Coward tersely. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1528)

(OGDEN) NASH:

PAPER-BACK, WHO MADE THEE? (DOST THOU KNOW WHO MADE THEE?)

. . . Hotep asked with courtesy stately,
"Been reading any good pyramids lately?
Cheops's new one is simply terrific:
He cuts an absorbing hieroglyphic."
"I can't afford it," answered Cyrus back,
"I'm waiting till it's out in papyrus-back."

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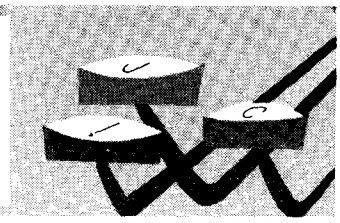
Manner of Speaking



TOO LATE FOR DRUMS? The world is a difference of opinion that we must somehow manage to keep tolerable. When the differences of nations outrun their tolerance, then war burns the calendar and the sciences of persuasion spread their holy but poisoned smogs through the nervous system, blinding us with righteousness. For all wars are righteous, or at least self-righteous, on both sides, and the duty demanded of every modern citizen is to hate on demand.

It was not always so. The religious wars of the Middle Ages tended all too readily to become rites of tribal hatred consummated in massacres. But as Major General J. F. C. Fuller points out in his masterly *The Conduct of War*, the culmination of these religious ferocities in the Thirty Years War (1618-48) not only ushered in the age of the absolute kings, but left Central Europe in such ruin that there seemed to be nothing left with which to carry on war in the ferocious tribal pattern.

"When, in 1648," writes Fuller, "the Peace of Westphalia put an end to the anarchy . . . some 8,000,000 people are said to have perished [civilians, and mostly of starvation], not counting 350,000 killed in battle. In one district of Thuringia, of 1,717 houses in 19 villages only 627 survived; in Bohemia, of 35,000 villages no more than 6,000 were inhabitable, and the population had shrunk from 2,000,000 to 700,000."

In the next 150 years or so (whether because of such disasters, as Fuller argues, or merely after them) war became the function of large standing armies of professional soldiers who fought in rigid parade ranks, exchanging volleys by precise ceremonial rules.

It was a bloody business and one marked by appalling casualties, but it was a business strictly separated from the lives and affairs of civilians. The only way to control troops in such terrifying circumstances was a ferocity of discipline that made the men fear their officers more than they feared death. One must remember, too, that professional soldiers were drawn largely from the bottom of society, often from the criminal dregs, whereas the officers were aristocrats, and that only a terrifying authority could weld such an organization into an army. Set apart by such discipline, the professional soldier had little to do with civilians, and less in common with them.

The civilians—as described, for example, by Thackeray in *Vanity Fair*—might even ride out to watch the battle in some detachment, so long as they stayed out of the way of cavalry charges.

The events dramatized by Thackeray were already after the fact of the great change from professional back to tribal warfare. This day of war as a spectator sport for vacationing civilians was an almost last survival from the age of absolute kings and the sort of army evolved by Frederick the Great of Prussia.

That change grew out of the French Revolution. When, in February of 1793, the Republic decreed a compulsory conscription of 500,000 men, rebellion broke out in La Vendée and was, as Fuller reports, bloodily put down. The first blood of the New France was French. It was from that bath that liberty set out across Europe.

In August of 1793 a decree of the Convention established total conscription: "All Frenchmen are permanently requisitioned for service in the armies"—the young men to fight; older men to manufacture, service, and transport weapons; women to make supplies and serve in the hospitals; and children to "make up old linen into lint." For the first time in recent history, perhaps for the first time in all history, an entire European nation was put into the army. The idea of modern total war was born at the top of the scale.

The inevitable next step was indoctrination—the inculcation of righteousness and the enforcement of hatred. "To stimulate the thousand of recruits who poured into the depots . . .," as Fuller reports, "no step was left untaken by the demagogues to excite the pugnacity of the soldiers and foster hatred of their enemies." What we mean by "propaganda" when we speak of how an enemy uses it, and what we mean by "indoctrination" when we ourselves use it — which is to say, the manipulation of mass hatred—had become the climate of warfare. Strange—and sad, too—how the word "propaganda," once a term in husbandry signifying "transplanting," and later the term used to describe the spreading of the faith by missionaries, has acquired to itself the echoes of blaring oratory and of wildly gesturing deceit behind which one can all but hear the stamping of iron heels.

What the French Revolution began is still with us. Around the minor edges of world imbalance our nations still play at "limited" warfare—limited at least in its impact upon us, though the civilians in the way may well have a sensation of limitlessness about it. But no real war today—no war between major nations—can be anything but total in our day. Nothing on the scale of World War II can be mounted except as a total effort of the economy. And no such effort is conceivable without a massive and incessant program of indoctrination and propaganda.

But though our machinery of mass persuasion continues to operate, one must certainly wonder if it has not been antiquated by the machines we have made and stored away to enact our flame-tailed and mushroom-clouded future. Our present methods of persuasion were meant to sustain a militant nation in the long, and hopefully exultant, agony-toward-triumph; to build into the masses the desperate courage of "blood, sweat, and tears," and to fire that courage with hatred of the enemy. But what long pull have we to foresee if a total war breaks out? Fuller cited the Thirty Years War as the end of an era. If war turns out to be the end of our era, it will be a thirty-minute war. If the drums beat for that one, it will be too late for drums; there is no emotional conditioning for instant annihilation. The righteous and the unrighteous will give off the same sort of smoke, and if any one is left to observe those smokes, he will be thinking in terms for which there can be no preparation.

Happy unforeseeables to us all, but I cannot shake off my fear of all that urges us to blind tribal emotions. To what future can the drumbeats of such indoctrination lead us? The one possible world is defined by difference of opinion and by our need to keep our differences tolerable. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Saturday Review
July 27, 1963

HOW THE PRESIDENT MAKES A DECISION

By THEODORE C. SORENSEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article is the first of a two-part series on decision-making in the White House. The author is Theodore C. Sorensen, Special Counsel to President John F. Kennedy and a key member of his intimate staff since 1953, when he became an assistant to the then freshman Senator. Mr. Sorensen was President Kennedy's chief speechwriter during the 1960 campaign and at present assists in the preparation and production of the President's program, including legislative measures, messages, and speeches. In addition, he serves as a member of the executive committee of the National Security Council. These two articles are previews of Mr. Sorensen's forthcoming book, Decision-Making in the White House: The Olive Branch or the Arrows* (Copyright © 1963 Columbia University Press), *to be published in September.*

HOW does a President make up his mind? I refer not to psychoanalysis, but to the forces that shape his decisions. How does a President choose, for example, in a moment of crisis, between the olive branch of peace and the arrows of war? His alternatives of course, are rarely that clear-cut—but, if not, why not? What limits the President's choice? What forces, what factors, what influences are blended in that final act of decision?

Obviously each President has his own style and his own standard for making decisions. These may differ from day to day or from topic to topic, using one blend for foreign affairs, for example, and another for domestic. The man affects the office as the office affects the man.

Nor is decision-making something he neatly sets aside for certain times or occasions. On the contrary, the President's entire existence is a continuous process of decision—including decisions not to decide and decisions not to take action—decisions on what to say, whom to see, what to sign, whom to name, and what to do, as Commander-in-Chief and diplomatic chief, as legislative leader and political leader, as a moral leader and a free world leader, and in taking care that the laws are faithfully executed. Every policy announced is the sum of many decisions, each made in a different mold and manner.

I do not suggest, therefore, that there is any systematic formula of decision-making in the White House, any precise mixture of ingredients for one President to pass on to the next or even to use himself on successive occasions. I have no absolute tests to offer by which White House decisions can be judged, no new theories or concepts or terminology to describe this daily process. Indeed, the very frequency of the process increases the difficulty of subjecting it to logical analysis, of summarizing or synthesizing it in terms of some formal doctrine.

But I am convinced that whether a President is strong or weak, whether he initiates or avoids decisions, whether he consults with his Cabinet or his Kitchen Cabinet, his brain trust or the "meat trust," the fundamental nature of the White House makes it inevitable that vital decisions, either many or few, will be made there, either by the President or with his consent, and that the same basic forces and factors will repeatedly shape those decisions.

The analysis that follows, therefore, is concerned, not with the influence of a President's decisions, but with *what influences them.* It is my thesis that, however the institutions and the apparatus may be organized, these same basic influences are ever present—not by chance but by the nature of the office.

A President may ignore these forces or factors—he may even be unaware of them—but he cannot escape them. He may choose to decide in solitude, but he does not decide in a vacuum. As a painter mixes his colors, or a chef prepares his sauce, so he must mix these ingredients—omitting some if he wishes, or preferring others he likes, but mixing them nevertheless, in his own style and to his own taste, until the final product is fashioned.

Having participated briefly in this process, I offer my own observations of

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it. If some of my conclusions seem obvious, I include them only because of the dangers inherent in omitting what seems to be obvious.

In describing what forces might influence a President's decisions, I should first state with candor that these forces in the past have generally defied all description. The memoirs of some former Cabinet members would have us believe that they handed ready-made decisions to their President for his approval; yet their associates complain in *their* memoirs that the same Chief Executive was too proud to hear, much less to heed, good advice. My colleague Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., describes in fascinating fashion the maneuvers that preceded a decision by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but then he adds: "Once the opportunity for decision came safely into his orbit, the actual process of deciding was involved and inscrutable." And Rexford Tugwell declared that Roosevelt "allowed no one to discover the governing principle" of his decisions.

President Truman wrote that "no one can know all the processes and stages of [a President's] thinking in making important decisions. Even those closest to him . . . never know all the reasons why he does certain things and why he comes to certain conclusions."

President Kennedy's analysis is still some years away from publication. Thus far he has referred simply to "the multiplicity of factors" that are involved in White House decisions.

BUT let us not be deterred in our quest by the characterization of this process as inscrutable or indescribable.

To begin with, White House decision-making is not a science but an art. It requires, not calculation, but judgment. There is no unit of measure that can weigh the substantive consequences of a decision against the political consequences, or judge the precise portions of public opinion and Congressional pressure, or balance domestic against foreign, short-range against long-range, or private against public considerations.

Elaborate guides to decision-making in private business or even in public administration are of little help in the White House. For the breadth and scope of Presidential decisions cannot be matched in any large corporation or Cabinet department, or even in the halls of Congress. For the President alone is ultimately accountable for the lives of more than 2,500,000 American servicemen, for the deeds of 2,500,000 federal employees, and he alone is ultimately held accountable to 190,000,000 citizens, to more than forty foreign allies, and, in a very real sense —as custodian of the nuclear trigger— to all men and to all mankind.

His decisions do not differ merely in degree from the decisions of others. No one else faces so many complex issues where the solutions are so remote, so dependent on the undependable, and so filled with potential disaster. No one but the President, as Woodrow Wilson said, bears such multiple responsibilities in so many different and conflicting areas. No one else knows in advance that his decisions will be subject to such scrutiny, to such calumny, or to what my friend Professor Neustadt calls such irreversibility.

In an age when not only this nation but also its chief adversary possess the capacity to inflict unacceptable disaster on another power in a matter of minutes, it is foolish to compare the role of the current President with that of any other man, including even his thirty-three predecessors.

What comes to the White House for decision? That, too, is a necessary part of the setting, but again there is no certain pattern. President Eisenhower rightly told President Kennedy: "There are no easy matters that will come to you as President. If they are easy, they will be settled at a lower level."

Some decisions are based on the requirements of a President's calendar. He must, for example, send up a budget and presumably a legislative program at the start of each year, and these mean countless decisions. Some come to him by law, including bills to be signed or vetoed, nominations to be sent to the Senate, requests for a pardon or parole, and the review of certain quasi-judicial decisions.

But for the rest there are no set criteria. President Kennedy chooses to reach out and select key issues, to initiate deliberations, to anticipate crises. Other Presidents may prefer to decide only what cannot be decided below or only what others present.

In the White House, as elsewhere, "the squeaky wheel gets the grease." Whenever a controversy looms large in the press or the Congress or the public mind, however small it may be in true perspective, it either lands on the President's desk or confronts him at a news conference. (The advisability of corporal punishment in the District of Columbia schools, for example, is not a major issue of state, but the predominance of that issue in the Washington press prior to one news conference caused President Kennedy to examine his own thoughts on the matter, and possibly his own youth.)

More important, when a President's own prestige is involved—or his own powers, posture, or re-election—or when an issue is too important for anyone else's word to be accepted, or too sensitive, or too unprecedented, or too likely to result in damage beyond repair—then a Presidential decision is usually essential.

IF I were to name the one quality that characterizes most issues likely to be brought to the President, I would say it was conflict—conflict between departments, between the views of various advisers, between the Administration and Congress, between the United States and another nation, or between groups within the country.

Presidents may even encourage such clashes within the government—by deliberately overlapping authority or inviting dissent, as Franklin D. Roosevelt did to make certain he heard the alternatives.

But conflict rarely needs a stimulus. The claims of domestic and foreign policy sooner or later collide. Congressional checks and balances are written into law. Public and political needs will often be incompatible. Compelling policies or interest groups are sometimes equally deserving. And the heat that is generated by all of this friction will naturally rise to the top—to the Presidential office.

Just as conflict will bring issues to the President, so a lack of conflict may sometimes keep them from him even when he should be involved. For example: Had there been some disagreement between White House and State Department officials on the contents of a press statement on nuclear warheads in Canada, it would have been brought to the President's attention before it exploded in the headlines. To cite another case: Proposed regulations on expense accounts, having been approved by everyone in Internal Revenue, were not presented to the President until they had been bitterly protested in public.

Of course, a President can so design his office and so delegate his authority as to keep certain or even most decisions away from him, but even then the decisions of others may require his intervention if he is to fulfil his constitutional obligation.

Some major issues do not regularly come before the President simply because they are low on his list of priori-

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ties, and he chooses to rely on his appointed authorities.

On the other hand, a President's personal interests may draw to him decisions normally left for others. Roosevelt, for example, took a hand in deciding postage stamp designs. I have seen President Kennedy engrossed in a list of famous Indian chiefs, deciding on an appropriate name for a nuclear submarine. (Inasmuch as most of the chiefs had earned their fame by defying the armed might of the United States, it was not an easy decision. In fact, when he finally decided on Chief Red Cloud, the Navy protested that this name had undesirable foreign policy implications.)

Time rules out many decisions. A President should not try to decide too few issues—but neither can he decide too many. Above all, he should decide what it is he need *not* decide at a given time. During the October 1962 Cuban crisis, the President charged his Cabinet and staff to avoid the presentation of those issues that could be safely delayed or settled among themselves. The postponement of some of these decisions, of course, required a more hurried handling in later weeks to meet budget or other deadlines, and this was not without difficulty, as the case of the Skybolt missile illustrates. There were other factors here in addition to the shortness of time, however, and surely no nonfeasance can be charged respecting the postponement of this issue by the Pentagon when war and peace were at stake.

FINALLY, what are the component steps in White House decision-making? In ideal and mechanical terms, White House decision-making sounds easy, if somewhat elaborate. It is simply the interaction of desire and fact—simply a determination of what the national interest requires in a given situation. But unfortunately it is neither mechanical nor easy; nor, it should be added, is the amount of care and thought devoted to a particular decision necessarily proportionate to the formality and regularity of the decision-making process.

For the ideal case is the exception. Each step cannot be taken in order. The facts may be in doubt or dispute. Several policies, all good, may conflict. Several means, all bad, may be all that are open. Value judgments may differ. Stated goals may be imprecise. There may be many interpretations of what is right, what is possible, and what is in the national interest. A President's decision may vary according to how the question is formulated and even according to who presents it. All his available choices may be difficult mixtures of both good and evil.

For every course he examines, there will always be some opposition in the country, in the Congress, and even among his advisers. There will always be one adviser to say, after the fashion of certain columnists and commentators, that "on the one hand" consider this but "on the other hand" think of that. Idealists on his staff will rule out expediency. Realists will disregard morality. Some will counsel speed; others will counsel delay—yet even delay will constitute a decision.

As each President nears a final answer, he realizes that this choice is only the beginning. For each new decision sets a precedent, begetting new decisions, foreclosing others, and causing reactions that require counteraction. Roosevelt, according to Frances Perkins, "rarely got himself sewed tight to a program from which there was no turning back." And President Kennedy, aware of the enormous hazards in the confrontation with the Soviets over Cuba in October 1962, made certain that his first move did not close out either all his options or all of theirs.

But too often a President finds that events or the decisions of others have limited his freedom of maneuver—that, as he makes a choice, that door closes behind him. And he knows that, once that door is closed, it may never open again—and he may then find himself in a one-way tunnel, or in a baffling maze, or descending a slippery slope. He cannot count on turning back—yet he cannot see his way ahead. He knows that if he is to act, some eggs must be broken to make the omelet, as the old saying goes. But he also knows that an omelet cannot lay any more eggs.

BUT no President is free to go as far or as fast as his advisers, his politics, and his perspective may direct him. His decisions—and their advice—are set within at least five ever-present limitations. He is free to choose only 1) within the limits of permissibility; 2) within the limits of available resources; 3) within the limits of available time; 4) within the limits of previous commitments; and 5) within the limits of available information.

Limits of permissibility: In a government of laws, a President is not free to ignore the Constitution he is sworn to uphold, the statutes he is obliged to enforce, the decisions of our courts, and the rights of citizens and states. And to this body of law, as the world

"Miss, I don't care what my check says. This is not my hat."

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grows smaller, must be added international law, which cannot be dismissed as quickly as some claim.

For example: had the Organization of American States failed, in October 1962, to provide the necessary two-thirds vote authorizing a Cuban quarantine, the Soviets and possibly others might have been emboldened to challenge the legality of our action, creating confusion and irresolution in the Western camp and giving rise to all kinds of cargo insurance and admiralty questions that this nation would not enjoy untangling.

Permissibility as a limit to decision-making, however, is not a matter of law alone. A decision in foreign affairs almost always depends on its acceptance by other nations, and, as President Kennedy once ruefully remarked, the leaders of every nation seem to believe that the United States can change the minds and course of all nations but their own. A decision in domestic affairs (and often in foreign affairs, as in the case of Yugoslav trade) may depend on its being accepted, or its not being reversed, by the Congress—for the President under our system is not empowered to remake the nation in his own image.

Surprisingly enough, a President's decision in either domestic or foreign affairs may also depend upon its acceptance within the Executive branch itself—on the President's ability to gain acceptance for his point of view over dissent, inertia, incompetence, or impotence among his own appointees and policy officials as well as the permanent bureaucracy. Few outsiders understand this; they view the Executive branch as a monolith, where the President's every word is a command and all lines of authority run to him. But in truth there are checks and balances within the departments and agencies, and I can recall more than one occasion when it was necessary for the President to convince his own appointees before they could undertake to convince the Congress, the Soviets, or some other party.

NOR is it enough that a decision be acceptable. It must also be workable. It must be enforceable. It must be possible. The President is not omnipotent. Choices within his control may be altered by events beyond his control. Revolutions, assassinations, elections, and disasters daily change the face of the globe. A decision to maintain a nuclear test moratorium may be shattered by a Soviet resumption. A decision to use only federal marshals to protect a Negro student in Mississippi may be reversed by the violence of a mob. A decision to lower the deficit by withholding taxes on dividends may be rejected by the Congress.

In the minds of the public and the press, as Philip Jessup has said, "impossibility is sometimes confused with incompetence or indecision." In summer of 1962, for example, the pressures on the President to request a quick tax cut before the election were very large. His delay was attributed by some to indecision. Yet in the absence of economic evidence sufficiently alarming to overcome key Congressional objections—evidence which was never forthcoming—such a request would have been only an exercise in futility, and possibly a harmful one at that.

THERE is no clear standard of feasibility. It may depend on the President's prestige at the moment of decision. It can be affected by an unexpected turn of events—such as occurred when the thalidomide tragedy increased the acceptability of drug reform. What *is* clear is that a President's authority is not as great as his responsibility—and that what is desirable is always limited by the possible or permissible.

Limits of available resources: Every gain incurs a cost—and the most efficient decision, therefore, is theoretically the one that produces the greatest margin of gain over cost.

A President's resources are limited not only in terms of money but also in terms of manpower, time, credibility, patronage. If he allocates a billion dollars of his budget to education, it cannot be used for public works. If large numbers of scientists are recruited for a moonshot, they are not available for other needs.

Only a limited number of commodities can be reserved from meaningful trade negotiations. Only a limited number of times can key members of Congress or leaders of the alliance be approached with special requests. Only a limited number of televised appeals can be made to the nation without the danger of diminishing returns. Any President, in short, must continually be engaged in setting priorities and measuring costs.

Limits of available time: There is a time to act and a time to wait. By not acting too soon, the President may find that the problem dissolves or resolves itself, that the facts are different from what he thought, or that the state of the nation has changed. By not waiting too long, he may make the most of the mood of the moment, or retain the element of surprise.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was reputed to be a master of political timing. Mrs. Roosevelt spoke of his "enormous patience," his ability to "wait for exactly the right moment to act." "Though he enjoyed giving the impression of snap decisions," writes Schlesinger, he "actually made few," and had, in fact, a "weakness for postponement"—waiting until the situation had crystallized, until conflicts between competing forces were resolved, until public opinion was united.

Postponement often can be a weakness. Secrecy in government is sometimes necessary, but it is rarely permanent; and the topics of decisions long postponed are likely to be revealed before the decision is taken. The desire for more argument or more facts is always pressing, but overly prolonged fact-finding and debate may produce answers to questions which no longer exist. In the White House, the future rapidly becomes the past, and delay is itself a decision.

Yet most Presidential decisions are too far-reaching and too irrevocable to be taken in haste, when the facts are uncertain, when the choices are unclear, or when the long-range consequences are not as discernible as the immediate reactions and results. President Kennedy has said, with respect to the Cuban crisis: "If we had to act in the first twenty-four hours, I don't think . . . we would have chosen as prudently as we finally did."

SOME observers have argued that the President should have been told of that ominous missile discovery the night the first evidence came in. Yet there was no action to be taken that night of a retaliatory or investigative nature, or any reason to believe that his options would be different in the morning, when the actual presentation could be made. The departure of dinner guests to sudden midnight meetings at the White House might have served only to spread the alarm, and untroubled Presidential sleep—an all too rare and therefore carefully guarded commodity—was a better preparation for the days ahead than a fruitless night of discussion could have been.

As the exhaustive and exhausting deliberations of that long October week went forward, however, the limits of time did become more pressing. For all of us knew that, once the missile sites under construction became operational, and capable of responding to any apparent threat or command with a nuclear volley, the President's options would be drastically changed. And all of us knew that, once the Soviets learned of our information and planning, our prospects for surprise and initiative would be greatly lessened. The President, therefore, could not wait for unanimity among all his advisers or for a special Congressional session. The

(*Continued on page 49*)

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Saturday Review

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A Proposal to a Foundation

BEGIN with two propositions. The first is that the world's statesmen are going to need all the outside help they can get if the three billion humans on this planet are to be spared the engulfing insanity of a world nuclear war. The statesmen are primarily responsible to their national sovereignties, the combined existence of which produces the present world anarchy.

The second proposition is that the peace, if it comes and if it is to mean anything, will not be the result of drift or happenstance but of specific application of human intelligence to the problems involved in the organization of the peace.

These propositions point to the need to look outside officialdom and bring together men of unquestioned stature, intelligence, and integrity in order to think about a workable and just peace. These men would be free to consider the problem apart from their purely national affiliations. They would not have any sovereign institutions to satisfy; their main responsibility would be to the human species as a whole. They would be asked to think objectively about the effective prevention of war.

Specifically, this is a proposal to any foundation chartered to advance the cause of peace: to underwrite and undertake the recruiting of two or three dozen men of high intelligence, moral imagination, and historical insight. It is not necessary that these men possess advanced knowledge in the field of political science, but they should at least have given some evidence of having thought seriously about the present nuclear predicament. Once assembled, these men would give their time—for two years, if need be—to a model World Constitutional Convention. The aim of the convention would be to anticipate the problems involved in the full development of the United Nations Charter into an organization capable of replacing the present world anarchy with world law. This would necessarily involve a design to invest the U.N. with adequate authority to maintain security, for the nations would not give up their arsenals until something took their place.

IT is natural and inevitable that the statesmen should be adept at articulating difficulties. An unofficial group would be neither overwhelmed nor defeated by these difficulties. They would not lose themselves in preliminary diagnosis but would proceed at once to prescriptions.

In sum, the model World Constitutional Convention would be an attempt to pit human intelligence at its best against the human dilemma at its worst. One of the damning characteristics of the present crisis, in fact, is that there is no real confrontation between brainpower and nuclear power. Shattering explosives are not an adequate or proper response to the main problems involving human destiny. At some point, there ought to be a sustained rational effort to see the threat whole, to perceive the connections between cause and effect on the world stage, and, in general, to give thought to those conditions that will best promote the maximum development of the human potential.

The charter drawn up by such a body would have no official weight or status. But it might serve as the generative center for world public opinion. It might provide the basis for study and action by parliaments or congresses. At the very least, it could lead to essential world debate on one of the most important questions in history; namely, what is the context for meaningful survival?

American foundations have become something of a Fifth Estate. They have their reason for being in those things that government, however well-intentioned, cannot readily do. In fact, the emergence of the American foundation is the answer to the puzzle that Friedrich Engels was unable to solve; namely, how would accumulated wealth be returned to society? The foundation has now become a fully established part of the total organism of American civilization, accepting a major research-and-service role. Nothing would be more natural, therefore, than for a major foundation to accept responsibility for undertaking what could become a daring project involving human intelligence. It is possible that the cost of this particular project would run high up into the millions, for in addition to the fairly long-term commitments that would have to be made to the key men there would be the cost of servicing the model Constitutional Convention, with full research and general staff facilities. There would also be the cost of organizing and operating perhaps forty or fifty national and regional conventions for the purpose of considering the model Constitution developed by the parent group.

No one should minimize the cost; neither should we minimize the opportunity. Foundations have spent billions for bettering the human condition in terms of science, health, education, and art. It would not be disproportionate to put $20,000,000 or more into an attempt to see whether man is intelligent enough to survive.

"Mankind," wrote Alfred North Whitehead, "is now in one of its rare moods of shifting its outlook. The mere compulsion of tradition has lost its force. It is the business of philosophers, students, and practical men to re-create and re-enact a vision of the world, conservative and radical, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into riot; a vision penetrated through and through with unflinching rationality." —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ANIMALS IN THE LABORATORY

CLEVELAND AMORY'S PLEA for support of national legislation to curb mistreatment of animals in medical research [*SR*, June 1] produced letters of approval [*SR*, June 22] in which medical research workers were described as sadistic, heartless monsters, or worse. In the same issue, Robert Berliner, an internationally respected physiologist, cancelled his subscription because of Mr. Amory's article. Were Mr. Amory's facts wrong or has Dr. Berliner been successfully hiding a cruel and vicious nature behind the humane and gentle exterior he has presented for many years to all who know him? The answers to these questions expose the dilemma and suggest the solution to the problem of the justification for animal research.

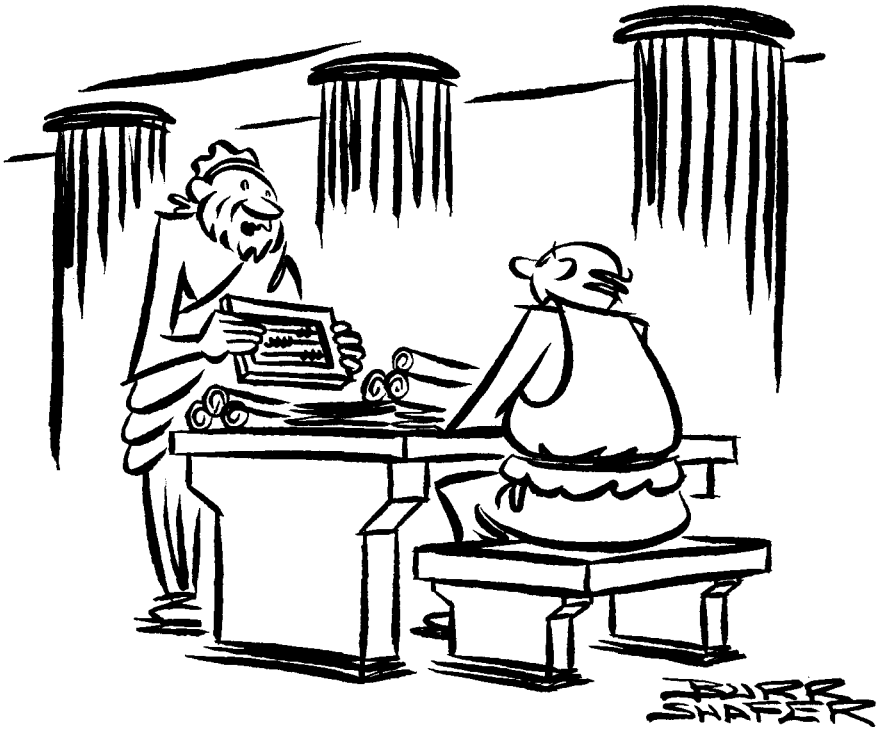
Mr. Amory does not distinguish between necessary experiments in which pain cannot be entirely avoided, and suffering inflicted through callousness or indifference. He cites, as a horrible example, experiments with which I have first-hand experience. These experiments, in which a state of shock was produced in dogs by traumatizing a hind leg, took place at Columbia during the Second World War. Although the animals were, of course, fully anesthetized during the procedure, it was necessary to have them come out of anesthesia while their legs were swollen and painful. Neither I nor any of my associates enjoyed the suffering produced, and we would gladly have chosen other methods of finding answers to the problem of traumatic shock if any other approach were available. These experiments established that the cause of death was a direct consequence of the loss of blood from blood vessels even though this was not visible by inspection. Damage to the nervous system, release of toxic materials from the site of injury, or any of the other possible causes that had been proposed were ruled out as major contributors. The results obtained in this as well as in other laboratories proved that if the lost blood were replaced immediately, the animals recovered. Your readers will undoubtedly remember the helicopter airlift that returned wounded soldiers to blood transfusion stations set up directly behind the front lines. Blood collected in a nationwide donor program, given immediately, saved the lives of thousands of soldiers during the Korean War. Without animal research these men would now be dead. The number of civilians now alive after automobile accidents that would have proved fatal without rapid transfusion runs into the tens of thousands. I do not regret my participation in these "horrible" experiments and would not hesitate to engage in the investigation of a similar problem again.

Whenever men use "lower" animals for food, furs, or medical research, constant vigilance must be maintained to ensure that this heavy responsibility is not abused. It comes as a surprise to many people that virtually every state in the union already has laws to punish irresponsible cruelty to animals and children. Mr. Amory might ponder why no successful action has been brought under these existing laws in the instances of alleged mistreatment of animals which he has cited. Federal legislation in this area, supported by well-meaning persons who have not thought this problem through, would make a criminal of all experimenters who inflicted pain on animals, *without considering whether it was justified*, as in the experiments on shock described earlier.

The use of animals for man's purposes cannot be escaped. Mr. Amory must still swat mosquitoes, spray flies, and cook his food to kill parasites and bacteria. He avoids answering the important question: When is it justifiable for man to intervene in the lives of other animals? Would he say no to polio virus or vaccine for his children? Would he die of diabetes or of a correctable heart condition because the treatment evolved from research in which animals suffered pain? I suspect that he would not and that he is attempting to ease his own conscience by berating the research scientists who bear this heavy burden for him.

The WARDS Society mentioned by Mrs. Marquis Childs has apparently faced up to this issue and is working for the alleviation of any unnecessary suffering in animal research while acknowledging the necessity of many of the types of experiments cited by Mr. Amory. It is unfortunate that the bills now being sponsored in Congress, and the animal welfare groups that support these bills, do not show the courage and concern for their fellow man which the situation requires. Medical researchers expect vilification from a small group who do not have the maturity to view research in its entire context. Our burdens would be considerably lightened if the very large group of people who want the benefits of medical research, and understand the responsibilities of the scientists involved, would have the grace and courage to let it be known publicly that they are on our side.

DANIEL L. KLINE,
Physiologist,
Yale University
School of Medicine.
New Haven, Conn.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Sorry, Wesley, we're replacing you with an abacus."

PENDING BEFORE committees of the Congress are several bills introduced to regulate and control the use of animals in medical and biological research. All of these bills incorporate provisions designed to set minimum standards for the comfort, general care, and housing of laboratory animals obtained or used in connection with research activities supported by federal funds and for the licensing of institutions that comply with these standards. Several of the bills contain additional provisions for the licensing of individual experimenters and for the approval of proposed experiments in a fashion comparable to the system established in Great Britain under an Act of Parliament passed in 1876. Members of the Harvard Faculty of Medicine, along with the majority of American medical and biological scientists, are strongly in favor of measures that ensure the proper care in all respects of laboratory animals. We believe equally strongly that the proposed legislation to control experiments involving animals will

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—in the United States at the present time—seriously impede the progress of science. In our experience, it is rarely possible to carry on a significant series of experiments without the ability to modify, change, and redirect the work as it progresses.

In a matter of such vital concern to the health and well-being of humankind, it seems to us reasonable that a magazine of *SR*'s reputation and standing should request its science editor to marshall all the facts and present them to the readers who were reached by Cleveland Amory. In doing so, the science editor might in fairness note that the "revolting Harvard Medical School burning experiments" on dogs and pigs were performed in 1943 at the express request of the wartime Committee on Medical Research in an effort to learn how best to protect and treat soldiers attacked by flame throwers.

George Packer Berry, M.D.,
Dean, Harvard Medical School.

Boston, Mass.

I believe that the subject of animal experimentation needs frank discussion, and I'm disappointed that the correspondence in your magazine has tended so quickly toward a battle of moral absolutes. I do not learn from either side what I need to know.

Mr. Amory describes experiments as if they were prompted by idle curiosity or sadism. On the face of it, this seems unlikely. When dogs were forced to inhale flame, were they studied during the three days before they were killed? If one of my children inhaled flame during a fire and then lived for several days in a hospital, I would not want to be told, "No medical research has been done on this because the lung damage is almost certainly fatal, and the experiments would be too horrible to consider." I would feel very different in such a situation from the way I felt when first reading of the experiments in Mr. Amory's column. The clinical details of massive injury, starvation, burning, etc., must be just as sickening when they are seen in human victims as when they are watched in laboratory animals. If there is to be any hope for treatment, one must begin with the condition to be treated.

I am just as dissatisfied with the argument for animal experimentation. Dr. Laurence Finberg writes in the letters to the editor for June 1 that biological scientists support "the desirability of eliminating unnecessary suffering for laboratory animals." How? Is there real discipline within the profession to control careless work and needless repetition? I am as skeptical about such discipline as I am about actual sadism.

Dr. Finberg seems to believe that motivation and results are not proper concerns for legislation. The layman is probably not a competent judge in this area, but professional scientists should be. If they do not themselves correct abuses and reassure the interested laymen, they are going to get the sort of hue and cry that is currently being raised in your magazine.

I would be very interested in having this discussion taken up in the science section of your magazine. Scientific periodicals—those I have seen, at least—take animal experiments for granted. Lay writers seldom sound well informed about the scientific aspects. We all benefit from the results of research. I believe we share the responsibility for the suffering of animals that are used, and we share the obligation to see that they do not suffer needlessly. It would help if the experimenters would respond more sympathetically to the lay public's concern.

Mrs. John F. Ziegler.

Lowell, Ind.

Writers of the above letters, as well as a number of other readers, suggest that I, as *SR*'s science editor, have an obligation to make known my views on Cleveland Amory's charges that animals are cruelly treated in American scientific laboratories.

My first obligation is to examine serious public problems exhaustively before expressing myself publicly in regard to them. Appropriate inquiry into Mr. Amory's accusations would require months of travel and study of experimental data, including the reasons for particular experiments, the timing and other circumstances surrounding the experiments, and a comparison of the stated purposes with the actual results of the experiments.

I had, in fact, made modest beginnings toward a study of care of experimental animals some time before Mr. Amory published his statements in his First of the Month column. My study is far from complete. Until such time as it may be finished, I prefer to express only three very broad views:

First: Biological researchers make a grave mistake when they assume that antivivisectionists are the only ones interested in protecting the life forms which surround and support man's existence.

Second: Men who use animals for experimental purposes should not expect to be free of qualified supervision by the community, nor should they expect that their standards alone will determine the degree or nature of the supervision.

Third: Whatever discipline is determined upon by the community must be exercised with due regard for the rights and reputations of individuals and institutions. If charges are to be made, they should be specific. Mr. Amory might, for example, identify the animal care organization of which he is an officer. He might name the scientific laboratories which he or its inspectors have visited. He might describe the conditions discovered at these places. He might tell what improvements were suggested during or after the visits, and to what if any extent the suggestions were accepted. He might comment upon the attitude displayed by the laboratory staff members toward interest expressed by outsiders. If he quotes others, whether at Congressional hearings or elsewhere, he might identify them and cite their qualifications to speak on the subject. Blanket indictments unsupported by specific documentation are as alien to genuine democracy as is unrestrained power in the hands of particular groups or bodies of men.

—John Lear.

THE TEST OF EDUCATION

I find it impossible to accept N.C.'s contention, in his editorial "Not So Fast" [*SR*, July 6], that the ability to think is the ultimate test of education. I do not wish to argue with all that the editorial says about the importance of sequential thought—we are lost without it.

But if graduates of our schools and colleges merely think, we are lost. To a human being, sequential thought must be of value only as a premise for judgments and action. Education that fails to develop those two abilities and to inspire motivation for both judgment and action cannot really claim to be education. . . .

It seems to me that today too many people are thinking without coping with or meeting the problems—fearful perhaps of bearing the consequences of courses which they see clearly as necessary for the solution of individual, national, and world problems. On the other hand, a great many people seem to be acting without thought at all. . . .

Patrick E. Lee,
College of Great Falls.

Great Falls, Mont.

The editorial calling for promoting proper habits of thought in order to achieve "the ultimate test of education . . ., the ability to think" is just the push this teacher needed to move in that direction. N.C.'s presentation was persuasive and instructive.

We at Scarsdale Junior High School have just the right program to do the job, thanks to our English-American history "bloc." There is no reason why we cannot make our composition topics, spelling lists, and vocabulary lists all spring from the history materials. . . .

It is gratifying to note that your monthly Education Supplement isn't the only issue containing points of interest to teachers.

Irving J. Sloan.

New York, N.Y.

STARVATION DIET

I agree 100 per cent with Granville Hicks's column about the quality of the TV program *Camera Three* [Literary Horizons, July 6]. When this program became available in our area I watched it several times and wrote to the station and producer to tell them how much my friends and I appreciated the program. Maybe the FCC should look into the possibilities for more programs of this kind, preferably also in the evening. We certainly are kept on a starvation diet by TV in general. Our mental food needs some supplementary vitamins (without advertising).

Mrs. Hilda Sadowsky.

Troy, N.Y.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Caliban with Butterflies

A YOUNG Englishman named John Fowles has just written a first novel, *The Collector* (Little, Brown, $4.95), that is so ingenious that its considerable merits may be overlooked. It is a first-rate novel of suspense, skilfully constructed, carefully worked out in its details, moving to a grim climax. It is also a subtle study of the conflict between two types of modern temperament.

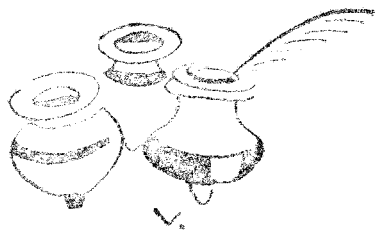
It concerns, almost exclusively, a young man and a young woman, Frederick Clegg and Miranda Grey. He tells the story to begin with, in his dry, dull, cliché-ridden fashion. A clerk in a government office, he has no distinguishing quality except a certain passion for collecting butterflies. Girls have not interested him much, but he has been attracted to Miranda as he has occasionally seen her in the neighborhood. "Seeing her always made me feel like I was catching a rarity, going up to it very careful, heart-in-mouth as they say. A Pale Clouded Yellow, for instance. I always thought of her like that, I mean words like elusive and sporadic, and very refined—not like the other ones, even the pretty ones. More for the real connoisseur."

It never occurs to him to try to meet her in any ordinary fashion, but he has daydreams about her, and suddenly, when he wins a large sum of money in a pool, he has a chance to turn his dreams into reality. He abducts her and confines her in a secret basement room of a house he has bought in the country. The pains Fowles has taken to make the abduction and imprisonment credible are impressive; there is very little indeed that the reader has to take on faith.

As Clegg continues with his inept, fumbling narrative, we begin to understand what a rare specimen he has captured. But chiefly, at this point, we are concerned with him and his large limitations. He tells Miranda his name is Ferdinand, but she rechristens him Caliban, and he is in fact a monster, though of a strange sort. When he shows her his butterflies, she says, "I hate people who collect things, and classify things and give them names and then forget all about them." But a collector is exactly what Clegg is. He cannot really deal with life until he has destroyed it. Far from being cruel to Miranda, he indulges her in every possible manner short of giving her her freedom, but he cannot enjoy her, either in a crude sexual way or in any more generous fashion.

We turn from Clegg's account to the journal kept by Miranda in her prison. Her style is young, exclamatory, and alive. She is a dedicated student of art, a pacifist out of love of life, a foe of convention, a foe of mediocrity. She has been greatly influenced by an older man, a painter, a kind of disciple of William Blake, and she is in some degree in love with him. Free in every sense but the literal one, she is Clegg's exact opposite.

The journal records her states of mind, her daily experiences, her attempts at escape. The relationship between her and her jailer is not a simple one. "He keeps me *absolutely* prisoner," she records. "But in everything else I am mistress." Again she says: "He makes me change, he makes me want to dance round him, bewilder him, dazzle him, dumbfound him. He's so slow, so unimaginative, so lifeless. Like zinc white. I see it's a sort of tyranny he has over me. He forces me to be changeable, to act. To show off. The hateful tyranny of weak people." Reading *The Tempest*, she reflects, "The pity Shakespeare feels for his Caliban, I feel (beneath the hate and disgust) for my Caliban."



But hate and disgust are always there, and directed against a type, a class, as much as an individual:

> I could scream abuse at him all day long; he wouldn't mind at all. It's me he wants, my look, my outside; not my emotions or my mind or my soul

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or even my body. Not anything *human*.

He's a collector. That's the great dead thing in him.

What irritates me most about him is his way of speaking.

Cliché after cliché after cliché, and all so old-fashioned, as if he'd spent his life with people over fifty. At lunch-time today he said, I called in with regard to those records they've placed on order. I said, Why don't you just say, "I asked about those records you ordered?"

He said, I know my English isn't correct, but I try to make it correct. I didn't argue. That sums him up. He's got to be correct, he's got to do whatever was "right" and "nice" before either of us was born.

I know it's pathetic, I know he's a victim of a miserable Nonconformist suburban world and a miserable social class, the horrid timid copycatting genteel in-between class. . . .

It makes me sick, the blindness, deadness, out-of-dateness, stodginess and, yes, sheer jealous malice of the great bulk of England.

She speaks often of the New People, the class just achieving prosperity. "Of course," she writes, "Caliban is not typical of the New People. He's hopelessly out of date (he will call the record-player, the 'gramophone'). And there's his lack of confidence. They're not ashamed of themselves. I remember D saying that they think they're all equal to the best as soon as they have a telly and a car. But deep down Caliban's one of them—there's this hated of the unusual, this wanting everybody to be the same. And the awful misuse of money. Why should people have money if they don't know how to use it? It sickens me every time I think of all the money Caliban has won; and of all the other people like him who win money. So selfish, so evil."

Fowles had a good idea to start with, and he has made a great deal of it, more than might have been expected. Each of his two characters, who are so very different from one another, is fully and perceptively developed, and the conflict between them is presented with great subtlety. The reader naturally sympathizes with and feels sorry for Miranda, but he also feels sorry in quite a different way for Clegg. As I have tried to point out, it is a thoughtful book as well as an exciting narrative. There is melodrama here, but there is much more than melodrama. Fowles has taken a bizarre situation, one that would seem to be narrowly limited in its possibilities, and has built around it a novel about contemporary England.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

Penalties of Italy's Prosperity

By SERGIO PACIFICI, *whose "Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature" was published last year.*

TO APPRECIATE the dilemma in which contemporary Italian publishers and intellectuals find themselves, one must compare today's situation with that prevailing in the Twenties and Thirties. Before the end of World War II, the intellectual elite was made up of people for whom art was not, and could not be, a source of sufficient income to satisfy even their modest needs. The majority of writers cared relatively little about this, since they held regular positions—frequently in the schools (Panzini, Pirandello, Ungaretti, and Quasimodo), often in one of the professions. The most avant garde of modern Italian novelists, Italo Svevo, was the co-owner of a marine paint business; Eugenio Montale, the leading "hermetic" poet of the Thirties, was head librarian at the Florentine Gabinetto Vieusseux until he was removed from that post for political reasons by the Fascists, and Umberto Saba, perhaps the most delicate of contemporary Italian poets, managed a rare-book shop in his native city of Trieste.

In those days to be published by a reputable house was not an easy matter. The distance between an author and his publisher was wide and the mutual respect great: one approached the other with diffidence. Most publishers had come up from the ranks, and, because they cared passionately for what they did, they personally supervised the various stages that saw a manuscript transformed into a book. To consign the work of an author to his public was, in short, an act of responsibility and of love, not a bid for profit. Even though the average book sold only a few hundred copies, the publisher took great pride in the fact that every season he managed to present a handful of worthy new writers.

Anyone who has kept abreast of current developments is aware of the extent to which times have changed. The economic boom Italy has been enjoying during the last decade has been instrumental in creating an insatiable demand not only for durable goods and services, but for books as well. Working under constant pressure to enlarge this demand, publishers have been bringing out less what has genuine merit than what will sell because of its appeal to an emotional, social, or ideological mood of the moment. Gradually, they have also discovered that a success can frequently be fabricated by surrounding the book with an aura of scandal, or by heavily relying on the impact of well-staged presentations. More and more they have tended to concentrate on those few writers—domestic or imported—who can be counted upon to produce best-sellers.

Despite the superficial success of such tactics, it is no closely guarded secret that the Italian publishing industry is in crisis. Two out of three firms can exist only by shrewd diversification into the magazine and comic-book business, or into such other subsidiary markets as serial publication and the cinema. Such circumstances have tended to accelerate the growing commercialization of culture, as well as a debasement of standards and values.

Italian readers in the past were trained to respect a publisher, to have faith in his critical judgment. He could never be suspected of using his influence to manipulate the public taste for his own ends. On the contrary, he was expected to play a leading part in guiding and correcting the general level of esthetic appreciation. But when publishers, lured by the possibilities of huge profits, began abdicating their traditional leadership, and thus betraying the expectations of the public, the roles became reversed. Today, not only has the reader grown suspicious of the books he is being urged to purchase, he is vociferously demanding that more attention be paid to *his* likes and dislikes.

What makes the situation even more complex, in my estimation, is the fact that writers, and not businessmen, however cultured, are generally in charge of publishing houses. Italo Calvino, Vittorio Sereni, Giorgio Bassani, and Geno Pampaloni, who head respectively Einaudi, Mondadori, Feltrinelli,

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and Vallecchi, are eminent novelists and serious critics, to be sure. But no matter how objectively they try to discharge their duties, which are numerous and onerous, they cannot escape conflicts between their interests as publishers and as artists. They must thus bear the ultimate responsibility not only for what the public will or will not be permitted to read, but for the long-range and unpredictable repercussions of the editorial policies they may have initiated.

What can happen in such circumstances is eloquently illustrated by a couple of recent events: For a number of years Elio Vittorini edited for Einaudi a series of novels called *The Chips*, which was on the whole unsympathetic to those writers not in the neorealistic vein he was then sponsoring—a policy hardly designed to encourage new talent, and one whose real effect on the course of Italian fiction was not necessarily a positive one. Similarly, it is a little-publicized fact that Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, surely one of the most extraordinary books of our decade, was turned down by two leading publishers for reasons that had less to do with its artistic merit than with the social, political, and even literary views promulgated by its arch-conservative, nay, reactionary author. It is true, of course, that the book eventually found its way into print, thanks to the astute judgment of Giorgio Bassani—the same Bassani who as late as last winter rejected Alberto Arbasino's highly controversial satire on the contemporary Italian cultural scene, *Fratelli d'Italia* (*Italian Brothers*), a work for which Feltrinelli himself had to find room in another of his series.

In general, the loyalties of the writer today are divided. No longer content to devote all his creative efforts to literature, he has been deflected by such lucrative media as radio, television, and the cinema. The same ever-growing demand for his services that has enabled the writer to enjoy his share of the Italian economic boom has also turned his work into a sort of commodity, frequently emptied of all cultural significance, doomed to have little or no echo in the mind and heart of his public. He has lost sight of the artist's goals. He has also lost, temporarily one hopes, that independence of judgment, that steady objectivity without which life can never be serenely studied, much less understood and portrayed. Perhaps this explains, however partially, why precious little of the overwhelming amount of Italian fiction and poetry produced since the end of the war is destined to endure beyond the immediate present.

Alert for the Big Layoff

***Who Needs People?**, by Robert Cubbedge (McKay. 114 pp. $3.25), calls for immediate action in solving the problems of automation, a subject with which John I. Snyder, Jr., as president of U.S. Industries, Inc., is immediately concerned.*

By JOHN I. SNYDER, JR.

IN RESPONSE to the rather flippant question raised in the title of this book on automation, obviously among those who still need people are the book's author, Robert Cubbedge, and its publisher, David McKay; for machines, despite their amazing capabilities, are not yet buying and reading books in any great numbers, even though they themselves may be the subject.

Mr. Cubbedge's concern for people, however, goes well beyond commercial considerations. In fact, his book does not deal primarily with automation itself, but rather with the effects of automation on the employment of industrial, or "blue collar," workers. Yet, as concerned as he is with the fate of the individual, Mr. Cubbedge does not offer much encouragement to those readers seeking a positive answer to the title question. One must search the book diligently to find evidence that the working man will ever be anything more than an economic and sociological burden in the age of automation.

The study does not offer much that will be particularly new to those closely involved with the progress and problems of automation; most of the information has been previously published in current literature on the subject. *Who Needs People?* is not technically authoritative to any degree (it does not, for example include a working definition of automation) nor is it likely, because of its somewhat pedantic style, to have a large popular appeal.

These entries on the debit side of the ledger, however, do not mark Mr. Cubbedge's book as valueless. The author has drawn together in a well-organized manner the salient facts about the present and potential effects of automation. He has not been misled by the myths that have obscured the public view of this industrial phenomenon—the claims that automation will not cost jobs, that there is really not much to worry about, or that automated Utopia for all is just around the corner. Mr. Cubbedge supplies ample documentation that automation is here to stay, that it already has had far-reaching influence on the economy and will have increasingly greater influence; that without its continued development we cannot compete successfully as a nation with the rapidly automating economies in Western Europe, Japan, and the Soviet Union; or progress in the space race, or even adequately defend ourselves militarily.

Not only does Mr. Cubbedge untangle some of the widely-held misconceptions about automation, but he makes what is perhaps the most insistent plea yet for "action now" in solving the problems of automation. We may, the author asserts, have already waited too long in dealing with what he dramatically labels the "new technological terror."

As Mr. Cubbedge indicates, there is no doubt that automation is primarily a human problem, and that it is currently directly affecting those least able to cope with its forces; "those at the lower end of the labor spectrum are already suffering severely—those with outmoded skills or no skills at all, the old, the handicapped, working women, and the Negro."

What can be done to help the victims of automation? What happens when "individual concern with economic self-interest and fears of change and loss of status collide with urgent need for greater productivity, higher

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skills and pursuit of rapid technological advance?" How do we deal with a situation that has seen America "become the first nation in the history of the world to produce more and more goods while using fewer and fewer of its workers, and this during a period of rapid population growth"? What can we do before the situation "explodes in our faces," as Mr. Cubbedge warns it will?

While he does an able job of question-posing, he is as much at a loss as the rest of us when it comes to sound solutions. Despite the impression given by his desperate and probably not founded cries of alarm, those most intimately involved with the problems of automation—government, business,

labor—have not exactly been standing around wringing their hands. There have been major attempts to deal with the situation, including government-sponsored retraining projects, labor-management agreements calling for special funds to help workers displaced by automation, and profit-sharing plans in which employees partake in the financial fruits of automation.

Mr. Cubbedge examines these efforts and finds them wanting, as indeed they are in many ways. Retraining and relocation, for example, relied upon by many to cushion the shock of automation, offer little hope for uneducated, unskilled, and aged workers. And the special labor-management funds can be short-sighted and selfish in that they do not make jobs for future generations of workers. Furthermore, it is true, as Mr. Cubbedge points out, that "by no means are all businessmen—nor even a majority—ready to concede that industry has an obligation toward the displaced worker"; too often "management becomes so fascinated by a new technology that it forgets that change involves people."

As a prescription to cure these ills Mr. Cubbedge offers the old bromide—increased government intervention. He wants planning and regulation on a greater scale, even to the point of deciding who can and who can't automate. He suggests the establishment of a "Council of Economic Technology" made up of "representatives of industry, labor, science, and government." The purpose would be, as Mr. Cubbedge sees it, "to encourage and analyze projections of where we ought to be going in areas of fiscal policies, tax policies and educational programs."

Such a course of action in other areas has not in the past provided the fast action that the author deems necessary, and it is unlikely that it would result in speedy and effective measures in the case of automation. Short-term solutions to technological unemployment must be found quickly, and long-term planning must be brought to bear on the deep-seated and long-term changes ahead. Yet it would seem that increased effort on the part of both management and labor, taking full advantage of the good offices of the government; further development of techniques already in use, and a greater alertness in capitalizing on the positive effects of automation would appear to offer better alternatives than tossing the whole problem into the already crowded lap of the government.

As a matter of fact, in his frantic call for "action now"—on the part of the government, primarily—the author either ignores or touches only lightly on the advantages automation can bring to workers. While "blue collar" jobs are decreasing, for example, many new "white collar" jobs are opening up; as factories become automated workers with their technical responsibilities increased become more a part of the factory "team," and their bargaining position improves rather than declines. Moreover, working conditions in automated factories are usually greatly superior to those in older factories. Finally, Mr. Cubbedge does not deal to any extent with the wide fields of new employment opened up as the result of automation-increased production. These include such opportunities as those in marketing and selling, areas that must be vastly expanded if the benefits of automation are to be fully harvested.

As previously indicated, Mr. Cubbedge makes a rather weak case for people in the age of automation. In seeking answers to the problems of automation the book makes almost no allowance for the ingenuity and spirit of modern man or for the contributions and achievements that are almost certain to be his once machines, in relieving him of much of life's drudgery, have freed him to use his imagination and intellect to the greatest extent in the history of mankind.

His Fiscal Friends and Foes

What Keynes Means, *by Anatol Murad (Bookman Associates. 223 pp. $4.50), and* ***Keynesianism: Retrospect and Prospect,*** *by W. H. Hutt (Regnery. 447 pp. $7.50), form a typically controversial pattern in evaluating the theories of the noted economist. John H. Crider is deputy director of information for the Committee for Economic Development.*

By JOHN H. CRIDER

PEOPLE studying or otherwise working in the field of economics and finance during the past several decades have eventually had to take sides over the importance of the late John Maynard Keynes. They have either liked what he had to say or disliked it with vehemence. The fact remains, however, that practically every free government in the world since the Thirties has been greatly influenced if not dominated by Keynes's ideas about how to deal with both inflation and depression.

What Keynes Means and *Keynesianism: Retrospect and Prospect* are fairly typical of the positions of both sides in this argument. There was a time when the Keynesians were more wordy in defending their hero than were the champions of "orthodoxy" in economics. Now, as these two books demonstrate, the wordiness is on the side of those who are still trying to demolish the greatness of Keynes.

There is a real paradox here in the sense that "Keynes" has become a "bad word" in the minds of many conservative Americans, particularly in the business community. The name seems to connote something revolutionary, anticapitalist, even socialistic.

Yet Keynes, as Anatol Murad makes very clear in his brief, readable little book, was really an image of conservatism, and completely orthodox in the sense of defending the free-enterprise system. He derived a great deal of enjoyment from making a considerable amount of money through this system, largely from speculation; and he had been brought up in the most correct British manner by distinguished, intellectual parents in the environs of Cambridge University. Perhaps the most radical thing he ever did was

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to marry a Russian ballerina in 1925.

It is curious that the two books concerned here originated as far apart biographically as philosophically. Professor Murad is in the Graduate School of Economics at the University of Puerto Rico, and W. H. Hutt is professor of Commerce and dean of the Faculty of Commerce at the University of Cape Town, Union of South Africa.

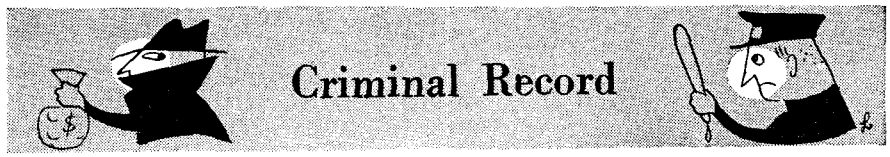
Although Professor Murad has tried to straighten out the somewhat distorted popular image of Keynes, even calling him "the Einstein of economics," he has a few technical criticisms, too. His book is based on ten lectures he gave as a Fulbright Fellow at the University of Münster in 1958. It is concise and handy, with an excellent biographical sketch of Keynes.

Hutt, on the other hand, seems to try to be as deliberately technical as Keynes admitted he was being in his most influential work, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. The economist was writing for a technical audience, and therefore has had a much more restricted readership than Adam Smith or Karl Marx, whose influence Keynes is said to have paralleled in this century.

Professor Hutt's book will be just as cheering to anti-Keynesians as Professor Murad's will be to those who rank Keynes high but admit that the great man merited a bit of criticism here and there. In economic terms, Hutt's basic argument turns on the great emphasis Keynes gave to aggregate demand—the demands of consumers, government, and industry. A rather ostentatious defender of nineteenth-century orthodoxy in economics, Hutt argues that the emphasis should be on prices rather than demand. In other words, if prices are lowered people will buy more and there will be no problem about demand. Here the argument bogs down on the question of what does happen to prices in a modern industrial economy when there is a recession. Do they really go down very much? And if they do, might they not go down further and therefore deter purchasing while consumers wait to see?

These are the realities of the modern market situation, which Keynes saw very clearly. Hutt and other critics of Keynes are right that, theoretically, a sharp lowering of prices could stimulate demand, create jobs, and cure unemployment; but the reader can tell for himself what happens in actuality.

The arguments of the theorists will go on for some time, but the image of Keynes as an influence on public policy seems only to grow greater. Free governments never again can refuse to use all of the instrumentalities at their disposal to promote employment and prevent depression.



MASTERPIECES OF MURDER: An Edmund Pearson True Crime Reader. *Edited by Gerald Gross. Introduction by Miriam Allen de Ford. Little, Brown.* $5.95. Excellent sampler anthologized from work of America's leading exponent of factual homicide (1880-1937). Editor Gross presents a plausible and ingenious rebuttal to Edward D. Radin's hypothesis (*SR* Aug. 8, 1961 and Dec. 23, 1961) that Bridget Sullivan killed Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Borden.

THE DALTON GANG: End of an Outlaw Era. *By Harold Preece. Hastings House.* $5.95. There were five good Daltons, four bad; three of the bad ones died at Coffeyville, Kansas, under gunfire in 1892. Here is their conscientiously researched history—lively, noisy, and true.

BORDER GUARD: The Story of the United States Customs Service. *By Don Whitehead. McGraw-Hill.* $5.95. Author of *The F.B.I. Story* here follows activities of Treasury arm dealing with narcotics and smuggling in general. Fine case histories, long and short, and a real attention-gripper all the way.

THE HODGE SCANDAL. *By George Thiem. St. Martin's.* $5.95. This "pattern of political corruption" traces the rise and fall of an Illinois state auditor who milked the taxpayers of $2.5 million and wound up behind bars. Author, Chicago newshawk, won Pulitzer Prize for exposure. Admirable example of thorough investigative reporting.

KILLY. *By Donald E. Westlake. Random House.* $3.50. Hell breaks loose when pair of union execs move into upstate New York community; there are dead ("long-word game" is good gimmick). Literate toughie.

EVIDENCE OF THE ACCUSED. *By Roderic Jeffries. London House & Maxwell.* $3.50. Two English murder defendants are tried separately for woman's death; story is told in first and third person; lovely dogs are present. Ingenious, well-handled novelty number.

IT'S DIFFERENT ABROAD. *By Henry Calvin. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Scottish schoolmarm, visiting wedded sister in Brittany, finds herself center of sinister attention; rough stuff ensues. Nice spoofing of British off their island.

MURDER A LA MODE. *By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.75. London style-magazine staff in flap when one member is cyanided; Inspector Henry Tibbett takes over. Even male readers will enjoy this breezy excursion into *haute couture*.

THE DOUBLY DEAD. *By E. X. Ferrars. Crime Club.* $3.50. Neighbors are concerned when English magazine writer (f.) turns up missing; three perish before payoff. Tension all over.

THE CASE OF THE STEPDAUGHTER'S SECRET. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Perry Mason once more comes to aid of gal facing murder rap; skin-diving practices (but not by Mason); is Hamilton Burger indisposed? Still has the old zing.

DEATH ON JERUSALEM ROAD. *By Douglas Angus. Random House.* $3.50. Derek Crome, psychology prof, is called in by south-of-Boston cops when girl's nude body is found near posh home. Keeps on rolling along.

AFTER THE FINE WEATHER. *By Michael Gilbert. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Murder of cardinal-bishop in Austrian village arouses political passions *vis-à-vis* Tyrol problem; young British consular officer and sister are principals in lively cloak-dagger job, with good scenery, good humor.

DEATH AND CIRCUMSTANCE. *By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club.* $3.50. Hoosier jail-breakers lam to Connecticut and work out snatch plot with girl as leader; Chief Fred C. Fellows finally gets case, which roars to smasheroo finish.

THE WASP. *By Ursula Curtiss. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Suburban Connecticut widow dithers when winged pests annoy and then terrify her; culprit comes to no good end; police work minimal. Bone up on your insectology for this one.

THE EDGE OF TERROR. *By Jeremy York. Macmillan.* $3.50. English widow, returning home with small daughter from South Africa, finds skeleton (real one) in attic of hubby's ramshackle old homestead, and then things get *really* tough. Nerve-bender.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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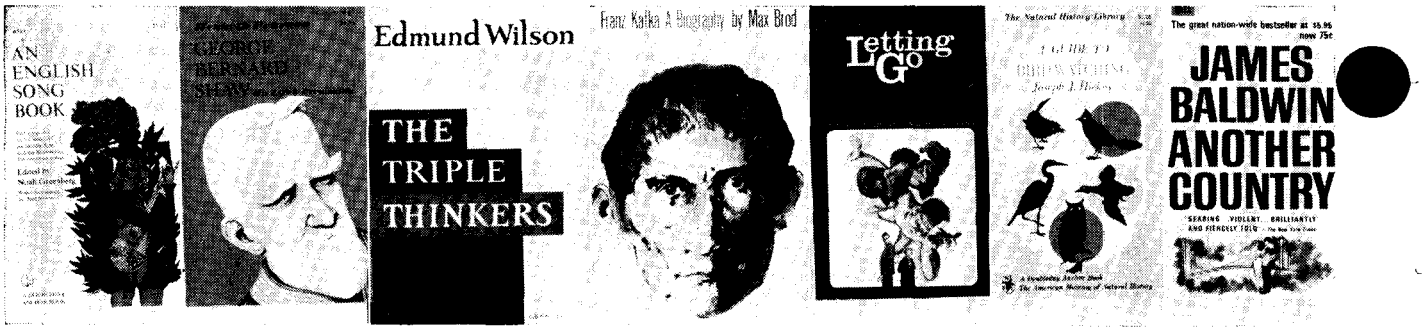

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

WHAT'S NEW: It's customary for hardcover publishing houses to adopt a line of paperback books, but New American Library is doing it the other way round. That distinguished paperback firm will introduce hardcover books this fall. It seems only fitting that NAL best-selling paperback novelist Ian Fleming should be first on the list with his new thriller, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* ($4.50) . . . Bantam will publish Sir Winston Churchill's four-volume *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, a book a month. July sees the appearance of *The Birth of Britain* ($1.25). . . . Offbeat and downbeat is Gold Medal novelist Malcolm Braly's *Shake Him Till He Rattles* (40¢), a blue note from San Francisco's North Beach jazzniks . . . Pocket Books's *Europe on $5 a Day* costs $1.95 . . . Charles Williams's novels, threaded with the supernatural, have attracted serious critical attention. T.S. Eliot liked *All Hallows' Eve*—in fact, he wrote the preface to the novel, which Noonday will publish next month at $1.75. . . . We thought it was so timely of Penguin Books o publish Richard Fitter's original paperback called *Wildlife in Britain* ($1.95), but Christine Keeler isn't even mentioned.

The University of Pennsylvania is busily engaged in a new paperback project that involves the publication of Arthur P. Dudden's *The United States of America: A Syllabus of American Studies* (2 vols., $1.95 each). The university has been actively participating with the government in testing applicants for the Peace Corps and other diplomatic posts. A need was seen for a comprehensive guide to literature, language, arts, history, and social sciences, briefly outlining pertinent information and leading students on to sources where additional material can be found. These paperbacks, originally intended to prepare future ambassadors abroad, turn out to be fairly useful for students right here.

—Rollene W. Saal.

FICTION

For most people, except those few purists who prefer winter vacations, summer is a time for leisure, for catching up on last season's best-sellers. Most of them had hardly cooled off in hardcover before they appeared in paperback. Among the new current fiction is James Baldwin's hefty *Another Country* (Dell, 75¢). In his *SR* review of the book, Granville Hicks called it "an act of violence," an apt phrase for this explosive novel above love, lust, fidelity, and honor in a variety of guises.

In his new novel *Letting Go* (Bantam, 95¢), Philip Roth certainly has. It's a big, diffuse book with enough characters and stories to fill a couple of extra novels. Roth's first book, *Goodbye, Columbus* (Bantam, 75¢), which won the National Book Award, is a first-rate collection of stories. Jerome Weidman's *The Sound of Bow Bells* (Crest, 95¢) is another of his cheerfully competent books, rich in dialogue and character, about a man who wants his own kind of room at the top.

This is the year John Steinbeck won the Nobel Prize, and it might be just the summer to read those long-postponed Steinbeck novels. Compass Books has provided practically a whole shelfful of them; among the new releases are *The Pastures of Heaven* ($1.45), *Tortilla Flat* ($1.45), *In Dubious Battle* ($1.65), and *Cannery Row* ($1.45). Steinbeck's newest book, *Travels with Charley* (Bantam, 75¢) factually records the author's travels around the country in quest of the essential America, which is, after all, what his novels are about.

SUMMERTIME

The great out-of-doors is for many of us a sometime thing, being restricted to glimpses during an annual two-weeks-with-pay vacation. To most city dwellers the country is a ferocious place, aslither with crawling, creeping things, the worst of which are, of course, snakes. For such as we James A. Oliver, a distinguished herpetologist and director of the American Museum of Natural History, has written *Snakes in Fact and Fiction* (Anchor, $1.25), a delightfully reassuring book which insists that cobras, adders, pythons, and mambas all live in faraway places.

Another interpreter of the creature kingdom is Robert Snedigar, curator of reptiles at the Chicago Zoo, and author of the helpful *Our Small Native Animals: Their Habits and Care* (Dover, $1.75). We say helpful advisedly, because if anyone is foolhardy enough to take some of nature home with him in the form of frogs, opossums, salamanders, chipmunks, turtles, gophers, or any of 114 other little animals, here's a book with explicit instructions on their care and tending.

Birdwatching is an art, says Joseph J. Hickey in *A Guide to Birdwatching* (Anchor, $1.25). It's not merely a matter of identifying birds or recognizing their song from afar; more importantly, it's a state of mind, a way of observing nature and, indeed, the world. Mr. Hickey's book is not an illustrated field guide, but it's a welcome addition to any would-be birdwatcher's kit.

Jim Brosnan's *Pennant Race* (Dell, 50¢) is the famous relief pitcher's witty account of the 1961 baseball season when his team, the Cincinnati Reds, won the National League Pennant. It's an intelligent book, but it approaches baseball and its players with a starry-eyed idealism that is reminiscent of Mark Harris and would make Ring Lardner laugh in his grave.

Alice and Lincoln Clark's *The ABC's*

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of Small Boat Sailing (Dolphin original, [illegible]¢) provides an alphabetical guide for [illegible]uld-be sailors. From *abaft* to *zigzag* [illegible] explains and illustrates, with both photographs and sketches, the mysterious jargon of the sea.

MUSIC

No one gets to hear much opera during the summer, so maybe it's a good time to dust off the recordings, open a libretto, and sing along with Sutherland. Among the new releases in Dover's ambitious Opera Guide and Libretto Series are *Aïda* and *La Bohème* ($1 each) which offer the complete libretto with English translation in facing columns, extensive background information on both opera and composer, and such lively extra features as Caruso's caricatures of leading operatic stars. *Verdi Librettos* (Anchor, $1.95), translated by William Weaver, also has English and Italian texts on facing pages. Included in this volume are *Rigoletto, Il Trovatore, La Traviata, Aïda,* and *Otello.*

According to an apocryphal story, Verdi was once asked to name the three requirements for a great opera singer. He replied: First, voice. Second, voice. [illegible]hird, voice. But in a thoroughly delightful book, *Prima Donnas and Other Wild Beasts* (Collier, 95¢), Alan Wagner goes on to explore the other qualities that make an operatic star. These chatty tales about the antics of such as Patti, Melba, Gigli, and Caruso celebrate not only the stars' voices but also their *élan vital.*

Choral Music (Pelican original, $1.85), edited by Arthur Jacobs, surveys music for voice from the religious choruses of the eleventh century to the works of such modern composers as Virgil Thomson, Norman Dello Joio, and Alan Hovhaness. A neat companion piece is *An English Song Book* (Anchor, $1.45), edited by Pro Musica director Noah Greenberg; here are forty-seven songs, madrigals, excerpts from masses, and minstrel tunes from Merrie Olde Englande.

Two of the Bs are freshly represented: George Grove's *Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies* (Dover, $2) and Russell H. Miles's *Johann Sebastian Bach: An Introduction to His Life and Works* (Spectrum, $1.95). The Grove study is as thorough and analytical an examination of the symphonies as one would expect from the distinguished [illegible]ineteenth-century musicologist. Miles's book is a fairly straightforward account, balanced between analyses of the man and of his music.

A more contemporary note is struck by Paul Collaer's *A History of Modern Music* (Universal, $2.95), translated from the French by Sally Abeles. A good reference work, it reviews the contributions of some 134 composers, with special emphasis on luminaries like Stravinsky and Schoenberg.

THE LITERARY LIFE

So much has already been said about Samuel Johnson that it would seem that Joseph Wood Krutch had undertaken a dangerous task in writing his biography. Yet he has succeeded admirably. *Samuel Johnson* (Harbinger, $2.95) integrates the available scholarship, and emerges on its own as a first-class portrait of that magnificent eighteenth-century gentleman. Almost as great a talker as Johnson was *George Bernard Shaw* (Atheneum, $1.95). Hesketh Pearson has accorded him in his biography all the wit, humor, and affectionate understanding that his subject deserves.

In Max Brod's *Franz Kafka: A Biography* (Schocken, $1.95), Kafka turns out to be not the gloomy, withdrawn being his works would indicate, but a man with a lively sense of humor, an interest in things religious and political, and a warm human sympathy for his fellow-creatures.

Because Edmund Wilson is known as the dean of American literary critics, what he has to say about little-known writers or less important aspects of well-known writers is read with interest. In *The Triple Thinkers* (Galaxy, $1.65) he "rediscovers" such minor figures as John Jay Chapman, and casts new light on Flaubert, A. E. Housman, and Henry James, among others. Two other recent books of criticism come from Barnes & Noble's excellent American Author and Critic Series: Lawrance Thompson's *William Faulkner: An Introduction and Interpretation* ($1.50) and Samuel Hazo's *Hart Crane* ($1.25).

Paperbacks not obtainable from local bookstores may be ordered directly from the publishers, whose addresses follow. Please allow four weeks for delivery and add to price of book 20¢ for postage and handling.

Anchor, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Atheneum, 161 E. 38th St., NYC 16.
Bantam, 271 Madison Ave., NYC 16.
Barnes & Noble, 105 5th Ave., NYC 3.
Collier, 111 4th Ave., NYC 3.
Compass, 625 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Crest, 67 W. 44th St., NYC 36.
Dell, 750 3rd Ave., NYC 17.
Dolphin, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 22.
Dover, 189 Varick St., NYC 14.
Essendess, 630 5th Ave., NYC 20.
Galaxy, 417 5th Ave., NYC 16.
Gold Medal, 67 W. 44th St., NYC 36.
Harbinger, 757 3rd Ave., NYC 17.
Harper, 49 E. 33rd St., NYC 16.
Noonday, 19 Union Sq. W., NYC 3.
Pelican, 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore 11, Md.
Penguin, 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore 11, Md.
Pocket Books, 630 5th Ave., NYC 20.
Schocken, 6 Park Ave., NYC 16.
Spectrum (Prentice-Hall), Englewood Cliffs, N. J.
Universal, 1107 Broadway, NYC 10.
Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, 3436 Walnut St., Phila. 4, Pa.

Additional sources for paperbacks may be found from time to time in *SR's* classified advertising section.

"Play 'Sweet Adeline.'"

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How to Feel a Depression

The Anxious Years: America in the Nineteen Thirties, a Collection of Contemporary Writings, *edited by Louis Filler (Putnam. 375 pp. $6.95), provides a literary documentary of the Depression. Cecil Hemley is the author of "Young Crankshaw," set in the same era.*

By CECIL HEMLEY

LOUIS FILLER has shown both judgment and taste in assembling this excellent anthology. In the first place, he has avoided making it merely a compendium of famous pieces by famous writers, and consequently a repetition of a dozen other anthologies. In the second place, he has given the book a shape, so that it has become, as it were, a work in its own right. Its subtitle suggests what Filler had in mind: a kind of documentary in which the period would be recovered through short stories, essays, poems, and excerpts from novels and plays published in the 1930s.

The writing of that decade is admirably suited to Filler's purpose. Naturalistic for the most part, it does not stray very far from everyday problems. Moreover, the writers are deeply concerned with social issues and make their programs explicit. Often they have a fine capacity for seeing. So, as this book evolves, one begins to get a very complex picture of what the world was like in those days: the feeling of crisis, the crusading spirit, the class antagonisms, the political atmosphere.

As one would expect, almost all of the journalism is first-rate. Sherwood Anderson's "Revolt in South Dakota" is ironic and touching, Leonard Q. Ross's "Union Square" brilliant and evocative. But the fiction is of uneven quality. Albert Maltz's "The Happiest Man on Earth" is twice as long as it should be and scarcely makes the point that the author seems to have had in mind. It is more an anti-industrial story than a revolutionary Marxist one. But, on the other hand, Erskine Caldwell's "Daughter" is a gem and makes one remember what a truly remarkable writer he was in his youth. Also first-rate is the chapter included from Edward Dahlberg's *Those Who Perish,* a book that I am told was an outstanding failure at the time it was published.

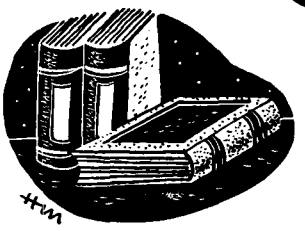
But perhaps the piece that excited me most was by a writer of whom I had never heard. Tom Kromer, according to Filler, was a West Virginian who, despite three years of college, became a Skid Row bum. *Waiting for Nothing* was his only book, and tells of his feelings and experiences. In some respects, to judge from the excerpt included in this volume, the work ought to interest the Sixties more than the Thirties; Filler says that it was not very successful when issued. The Thirties were, after all, primarily concerned with waiting for Lefty. Kromer had apparently gone a good deal further than such shallow hopes. He writes with a chill honesty that puts me in mind of certain passages in Céline and Hamsun. But his work is in no sense imitative. As far as I am concerned, this piece alone justifies the price of the volume, and Filler is to be congratulated for dredging up Kromer and bringing him again to view.

Also excellent is Milton Hindus' essay "Politics." This little exercise in confession is a fine phenomenological report on how one gets involved in political absurdity. Hindus, a Stalinist at first, proceeded to Trotskyism, and then to an absolute dissidence in which only his own version of Marxism was sufficiently pure to satisfy him. Finally, poised on the edge of the abyss, he realized that all this theory was hopelessly abstract and of small relevance to his life.

For me, the poetry is the weakest section of the book. I always found Archibald Macleish's "America Was Promises" a big bore, and the years have not changed my opinion. This rolling rhetoric involving famous names and sentimental utterances seems to me to typify the worst art of the period. Nor have I ever been fond of Ezra Pound. But Robinson Jeffers's "Battle" stirred me deeply, and I was delighted to read Kenneth Fearing again. Fearing, much read and admired at the time, has suffered almost total eclipse. This neglect is unfortunate, since he is a tough, hard

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich



MORE BILINGUAL WORDS

A few months ago, Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, devised a quiz made up of French words that duplicate, visually, English words that mean something entirely different (*SR,* August 18, 1862), as *river* (to rivet), *bulletin* (ballot). Now Clara Woody of Miami, Arizona, submits a parallel problem, asking you to match a score of English-looking Spanish words with the translations scrambled in Column Two. Answers on page 49.

1. can	( ) affable
2. dote	( ) bread
3. favor	( ) candlewood
4. hospital	( ) shoulder
5. mar	( ) despicable
6. mayor	( ) dowry
7. natural	( ) eleven
8. once	( ) French linen
9. pan	( ) grease
10. pillar	( ) greater
11. real	( ) disposition
12. royal	( ) plunder
13. ruin	( ) royal
14. sauce	( ) sea
15. sin	( ) smooth
16. suave	( ) stretch
17. tea	( ) support
18. tender	( ) willow
19. tripe	( ) without
20. unto	( ) woolen

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satirist who still has much to say to our period. Many worse poets are widely anthologized. It is time for someone to rediscover Fearing.

Inevitably there will be those who will insist that this writer or that should have been included by Filler, and that the omission totally negates the value of the work. But Filler has given a very broad selection. Among others included in the book are Saroyan, Steinbeck, Hook, Meyer Levin, Albert Halper, William Philips, and Philip Rahv. I myself mourn the omission of Josephine Herbst and James Farrell. However, the Thirties produced such a vast amount of writing that it is inevitable so small a book must slight some who have as much right to appear in it as those that have been included. We should be thankful that *The Anxious Years* is as good as it is. It seems to me not only a fine anthology but a moving document.

A Through V, and Baldwin

First Person Singular: Essays for the Sixties, *edited by Herbert Gold (Dial. 254 pp. $5), assembles nineteen articles by such writers as Nelson Algren, James Baldwin, William Saroyan, and Gore Vidal. Emile Capouya has contributed numerous critiques to literary journals.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

HERBERT GOLD has been adding to the gaiety of nations at least since his undergraduate days, when, if memory serves, he wrote the line, "Looking on Euclid Avenue bare, as someone said"—thereby consecrating his pen to our use and himself to our service. Since then he has published six interesting novels, a book of short stories, and one of essays. All in all, an attractive and estimable literary personality.

If he has a fault—and he does—it is that he is too civilized in an age when to be civilized is dangerously close to being supine. Why pick on Mr. Gold, when he shares that dangerous urbanity with the best part of the writers and readers of an entire generation? Because of his talent. There would be no point otherwise. This is a time when the writers who come out of the woodwork are likely to be saying something important, while the writers who are more immediately acceptable to most readers are probably missing the boat. In this case, we are justified in wanting to have it both ways: to deplore Ginsberg's high-pitched shrieks, Burroughs's echolalia, Mailer's blood-and-sex mystique, and Genet's satanism, but also to recognize that those writers are talking about the death we are preparing for ourselves, whereas some more civilized types are not. Do we want Herbert

Gold to issue from the cave, garlanded like the pythoness, exhaling vapors, and pronouncing the bane of men and nations? Yes. He has the gift. Let him prophesy.

He had a more modest intention when he set out to edit this collection of essays, in which the following authors are represented: Nelson Algren, James Baldwin, Saul Bellow, Herbert Blau, George P. Elliott, Herbert Gold, Paul Goodman, Elizabeth Hardwick, Seymour Krim, Mary McCarthy, Arthur Miller, Warren Miller, William Saroyan, William Styron, Harvey Swados, Gore Vidal. The reader will have noticed that the names appear in alphabetical order. The exquisite tact is Mr. Gold's, for that is the order in which the essays are set out. I am all for Old World courtesy, of course, but to use the alphabet as the organizing principle for a literary work smacks of Cabbalism, does it not?

The system has one happy consequence, in that the book opens with Nelson Algren's account of a high-style transatlantic crossing on the S. S. *Meyer Davis*—I think that was the name of the vessel. Every book ought to begin that way. The piece doesn't happen to be an essay, but let it pass. It appeared in the *Atlantic* two years ago, appears in an Algren collection this year, and appears coincidentally in Mr. Gold's collection, but let it pass. Or rather, no. Of the nineteen essays in this volume, twelve were published in book form in the last three years, and in most cases they must have been printed in magazines before figuring in a collection. The greatest number range from interesting to excellent, but I have liked some of them three times now, if you follow me. So that is how Mr. Gold spends his time when he should be sharpening up his *ars prophetica.*

To deal fairly with the sixteen authors represented is not possible in a brief review. Accordingly, I shall comment only on the author who seems to me to raise the most current and debatable question.

SOMETIMES I have the feeling that James Baldwin is the only American writer who still takes seriously the Declaration of Independence and the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. At any rate, that is where his power to move his fellow-citizens comes from. His double essay, "Fifth Avenue Uptown, East River Downtown," embodies the qualities I have come to admire and distrust in his attitude to the question of black and white. It seems to me that while giving a faithful picture of life in Harlem, and while making a genuine connection between the quality of that life and the riot at the United Nations when Lumumba was murdered, he does what he can to spoil an unassailable case. A case, moreover, that no one but Mr. Baldwin has had the strength to present at all. But with his dreadful facts he offers a few stretchers, some unpleasant and unnecessary hectoring, and a hint of emotional blackmail. The defect of *ad hominem* thrusts is that they draw a riposte from the homunculus rather than the man. For example, Norman Podhoretz retorts that for his part he grew up thinking that Negroes were the Master Race. Mr. Baldwin is directly responsible for the comic aspect of the debate.

Yet he is a real hero, and an effective one. It is precisely the justice of his cause and its importance to all of us that makes him the proper object of criticism. James Baldwin is a poet, and he knows as well as I do that literary truth and freedom for black men and white are fundamentally the same issue.

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The Mystique of Mars

The Dream, *by Henry de Montherlant, translated from the French by Terence Kilmartin (Macmillan. 247 pp. $4.95), the author's first novel, deals with a World War I soldier who longs "to lead a blind soul straight to reality." Dorrie Pagones studied comparative literature in France under a Fulbright grant.*

By DORRIE PAGONES

OUT OF the ashes of the First World War rose three young French writers who believed, as their American contemporary Ernest Hemingway once wrote, that "Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about."

Vastly different from one another (and from Hemingway), the three were alike in seeking, through their art, to show others "how to live in it." They preached energy and courage, detested indifference and slackness, eschewed sentimentality, and exalted manly camaraderie.

The young writers were André Malraux, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, and Henry de Montherlant. Of them all probably the most gifted, and assuredly the least known in this country, was and is Montherlant.

Although he is now sixty-seven and has for a considerable time been reckoned one of the great French writers of the century, his works are seldom translated. If few Americans have heard of his essays or his remarkable dramas, such as *Port-Royal*, which had such a great success on the Paris stage in the 1950s, still fewer are aware of him as a novelist.

The Dream, now published in English for the first time in an excellent translation by Terence Kilmartin, is Montherlant's first novel, written when he was twenty-six, a few years after his own war experiences. In it he tells the story of Alban de Bricoule, a twenty-two-year-old soldier, a Nietzschean hero who can be, alternately, an intellectual, a sensualist, and a man of action.

"War will always exist," says Montherlant, "because there will always be twenty-year-olds to bring it into being through sheer love of it." It is in a spirit of rapturous love that Alban becomes

—Jerry Bauer.

Henry de Montherlant—even at twenty-six, a passionate individuality.

a soldier—not love of God, Country, and Mother, but of war itself, danger, and virile life. Even the threat of death, at first, brings him only joy.

Alban's deepest human involvements, one with a fellow-soldier and the other with an Amazonian young girl, end in disaster because of his "deep wish to lead a blind soul straight to reality, like a horse led blindfold to the bull, then suddenly to put them face to face and leave the trembling soul there."

Alban himself, however, survives and each experience only makes him stronger. "I am sufficient to myself" is his motto. In the end he admits a need to love, but repudiates as rotten with sentimentality love's traditional forms, desire and friendship. He cries instead for "a tenderness silent and strong and winged like an eagle."

In brief, *The Dream* is a young man's book, marked by vast intolerance, a certain amount of rhetoric, and, occasionally, a too fond predilection for lovely words.

On the other hand, it is a thoroughly original book, as powerful as it is poetic, as fresh as the topics it deals with are ancient. Always a controversial theorist, Henry de Montherlant is indisputably a magnificent writer. Even at the age of twenty-six, he possessed a passionate individuality and rarely lost his balance between lyricism and irony. *The Dream,* for all its minor flaws, is a superb first novel.

Essence Under Glass

The Weigher of Souls and The Earth Dwellers, *by André Maurois, translated from the French by Hamish Miles (Macmillan. 187 pp. $3.95), offers samples of science fiction by the distinguished French academician. Kingsley Amis, British novelist, poet, and author of a book about science fiction, is a former teacher of English literature at Cambridge University.*

By KINGSLEY AMIS

SCIENCE fiction's progress to respectability in the last five years has been almost indecently rapid; once the very phrase was taboo, but now highbrows of several sorts seem hell-bent on getting into the act. Finding himself among them perhaps caused André Maurois, seventy-eight-year-old French academician and biographer of Shelley and Chateaubriand, some surprise. The present book, one of a series that includes Jules Verne and Jack London, consists mainly of a 100-page novella and a thirty-five-page story first published more than thirty years ago. Neither is of much account as science fiction, or indeed as fiction.

"I have hesitated a long time before setting down this story," the narrator of *The Weigher of Souls* begins. ("But not long enough" is the easy though justifiable response.) After more hesitation a certain Dr. James is introduced, with some irrelevant documentary and descriptive material recognizably aimed at passing the whole story off as fact. Some people, the blurb says, have been led to think perhaps it is; anyway, they keep writing to the author to ask. I compare this with the recent case of a British actor who, when the character he was playing in a television series went in for unchivalrous behavior, was promised several punch-ups if he didn't mend his ways. In neither case is artistic skill in question.

It transpires eventually that Dr. James is not only given to weighing souls (by putting dying people on scales and noting that the needle drops minutely when they die). He can trap

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souls, too, under glass. There are some rewarding visual effects when the souls of a pair of twins are put in the same jar, and more is promised when James wants to get together with his wife on the noncorporeal plane, but the narrator, who was to have brought this about, arrives on the scene too late.

The objection to all this is not that it rests on long exploded and always unphilosophic notions about vital fluids and essences of life: plenty of good science fiction offends reason. Nor does it much matter that justice is done neither to the awfulness of the problem nor to its complexity. What is tedious is the way these defects are paraded in lengthy exchanges between the two main characters, as a result of which no action is proposed. An (impossible) experiment with full (nonsensical) commentary is not a good basis for any kind of story. The evocations of the interwar London setting, however, are vivid and precise.

The first half of *The Earth Dwellers* works the documentary style hard. A series of odd events in London and Paris—buildings splitting in two, individuals being hurled from one country to the other—culminates when half a Paris house, with a young Frenchwoman in bed in it, abruptly swaps places with half a London house, complete with reclining young Englishwoman. The respective husbands are greatly surprised, but no science-fiction bedroom farce follows. Instead, a supposed report by a scientist on the planet Uranus reveals that these things happened in the course of an experiment of his, and goes on to state its findings: human beings are moved by instinct, not reason. And then? And then the story ends. It was intended, the author remarks in a foreword, as a satire on the infallibility of natural science: might not an entomologist be as wrong about ants as our Uranian friend about men? Well, no. And what of it?

—*Culver.*

Andre Maurois—at seventy-eight, experiments in science fiction.

This short book is eked out by the foreword, half a dozen inoffensive illustrations, a disquisition by philosopher Jacques Choron on the immortality of the soul (a digest of opinion, not a critique of the problem), and a bibliography of the works of André Maurois. The usefulness of this last is marred by its not distinguishing between books and shorter pieces, nor between fiction and nonfiction. I couldn't find *The Earth Dwellers* in it, but perhaps I didn't look hard enough.

A Passion for Decor: In *Flesh* (World, $3.95) Brigid Brophy, a young English writer, traces the relationship of two young people, first in courtship, then in marriage. Marcus, passive and anxiety-ridden, is transformed by Nancy into assertiveness and independence, while Nancy gradually loses the energy and control that once marked her. This kind of short novel, with its paucity of characters and its relentless concentration on them, is rather more popular in Europe than it is here, and *Flesh* shows once again what is wrong with the type: the range is so narrow that to be satisfactory the work must be perfect. The relationship of Nancy and Marcus gives the impression of a preliminary sketch for a larger novel. More important, the relationship itself is inadequately drawn, and the book's conclusion is noticeably hurried. Marcus has found a job over Nancy's tacit objections; he has even taken a mistress; his strength has begun to threaten the marriage which created that strength. Yet the author indicates, belatedly, that the gravest danger to their lives is something else, namely sloth: the addiction to comfort, the overindulgence in food, the habit of easy sex, the laziness of the flesh.

The best and worst one can say about this novel is that it is well written. Miss Brophy has the enviable knack of combining precision with suggestiveness, as when she says about Nancy that "in direct personal relationships she had a habit not of failing to see nuances but of naming and discussing them—a sort of coarseness of mind sometimes found in nurses . . ." This talent gives to parts of the book, especially to the character of Nancy, a certain astringent charm. But most of the time her gift for observation obtrudes rather ludicrously: "'All my life,' Marcus said, tapping the metal end of his pencil on his teeth and continuing to sit in front of an early Victorian occasional table, 'people have been telling me I must get fatter.'" Descriptions of chairs, carpets, *objets d'art* abound, giving the book an unpleasantly snobbish air. Even worse than the descriptions are the conversations about furniture; those who do not furnish tastefully are damned.

Miss Brophy's attitude does not appear to differ from that of her characters. Such lack of distance between author and characters is a common feature of this type of fiction; it has the unfortunate effect here of making their snide cleverness, their fake psychologizing, and their languid despair all the more annoying for being taken so seriously. In addition, Nancy and Marcus display an almost adolescent rebelliousnes against their Jewish background, which manifests itself in nasty remarks about parents, Jews, North London, and so forth. All this is supposed to be sophistication, but *Flesh* would have been a better book if the author had not been so thoroughly taken in by it. —Manfred Wolf.

The Right to Play God: The time is World War II, the place a Nazi concentration camp. Judah Kramer, a fourteen-year-old prisoner working in the S.S. orderly room, is assigned to type the day's list of prisoners for extermination. On the list are the names of his mother, his sister, and himself. Judah removes the names and substitutes the next three in alphabetical order. This is the prologue to *Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die*, by Daniel Stern (Crown, $4.50), and it is a harrowing scene that promises a novel grander than the motel-sized attempts of most contemporary writers. Here is an author concerned with themes of

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1042

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1042 will be found in the next issue.

GPABQCKX GCEBXK OEHD-

TEC ECOTXPXBHA; HDDTNX

HACK, QHEXTAC.

QEPADBK ZPDHA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1041

If you're naturally kind you attract a lot of people you don't like.

—Feather.

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epic proportion—guilt and retribution; man's responsibility to man; the right of man to play God.

The story that follows takes place in the present-day world of the New York theatre, during rehearsals for a play set in a concentration camp. Against this background is acted out the clash betwen two men who share only the common background of the Nazi camps. Jud Kramer is a successful director, husband, and father. For him the camps *were* real; but his life is built of today's materials. For Carl Walkowitz the camps are as ever-present as his crippled body. His life is motivated by yesterday's horrors. He sees Jud as a sleepwalker who must be awakened to the realities Carl Walkowitz lives with. Walkowitz, though seeming to help Jud in mounting the play, is in effect a self-appointed avenging angel.

It is one of the sad facts of our world that the man who announces a minor goal and reaches it is held in greater esteem than the man who attempts the spectacular and fails. This is the paradox that faces Daniel Stern and his

novel. Without the prologue that promised the stuff of which Greek tragedies were made, there would be nothing to fault *Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die*. Yet that prologue exists, and what follows suffers by comparison.

It is extremely difficult to care about a well-fed man whose passions are devoted to creating illusions of life after we have seen him in a place so horrible that life itself seemed an illusion. Can we get wrought up over a beautiful, successful actress who feels so cut off from her husband's past that she must go to bed with another camp victim in the hope of finding it, after the prologue has brought us face to face with men and women whose very existence hinges on where the first letter of their last names fits on a list? When an author has revealed his power and depth, anything of the slick and ordinary—which we might grant to and applaud in writers of lesser talent—is not allowed.

Since Mr. Stern is knowledgeable in the ways of the theatre, he should take to heart what every vaudeville manager knew: If you open with your strongest act, everything that follows, no matter how good it is, will look shabby by comparison.

—Haskel Frankel.

SR's Check List of Current Books

Anthologies

Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold. Edited by William E. Buckler. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.95.

Business, Economics

Fortune's Guide to Personal Investing. By the Editors of Fortune Magazine. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

Current Affairs

Land Use Policy and Problems in the United States. Edited by Howard W. Ottoson. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $6.

Operation America. By Jules Dubois. Walker. $6.50.

Toward Economic Cooperation in Asia: The United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East. By David Wightman. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace-Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

Unarmed Victory. By Bertrand Russell. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Understanding Congress. By Joe L. Evins. Clarkson N. Potter. $5.

The United Nations Emergency Force. By Gabriella Rosner. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.75.

Fiction

The Collector. By John Fowles. Little, Brown. $4.95 (See page 19.)

Does It Make Into a Bed? By Lorna Novak. Doubleday. $3.95.

Four Before Richardson: Selected English Novels, 1720-1727. Edited by William H. McBurney. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $1.95.

In the Name of Love. By Josephine Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

The Mind Benders. By James Kennaway. Atheneum. $3.50.

The Premier. By Earl Conrad. Doubleday. $4.50.

Scandalous John. By Richard Gardner. Doubleday. $3.95.

The Shadow in the Glass. By August Derleth. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.95.

Spectrum II: A Second Science Fiction Anthology. Edited by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

History

The Dilemma of Mexico's Development: The Roles of the Private and Public Sectors. By Raymond Vernon. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.95.

The Easter Rebellion. By Max Caulfield. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

The Floating Bulwark: The Story of the Fighting Ship, 1514-1945. By Douglas G. Browne. St. Martin's. $6.50.

The Inquiry: American Preparation for Peace, 1917-1919. By Lawrence E. Gelfand. Yale Univ. Press. $8.75.

Miscellany

Advanced Abacus: Japanese Theory and Practice. By Takashi Kojima. Tuttle. Paperback. $2.25. (Also available: abacus instruments, $1.25 each.)

Mysteries

Cry Havoc. By Richard Martin Stern. Scribners. $3.50.

Personal History

Aneurin Bevan. By Michael Foot. Atheneum. $7.50.

Catherine de Medici. By Jean Heritier. Translated by Charlotte Haldane. St. Martin's. $7.95.

Into Exile. By Ronald Segal. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

The Life of Dryden. By Sir Walter Scott. Edited by Bernard Kreissman. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.70.

Mao Tse-tung: Emperor of the Blue Ants. By George Paloczi-Horvath. Doubleday. $5.75.

Yanks Don't Cry. By Martin Boyle. Bernard Geis. $4.95.

Poetry

Between Matter and Principle. By Alan Stephens. Alan Swallow. $2.50.

Religion, Philosophy

The Dogma of Christ and Other Essays on Religion, Psychology and Culture. By Erich Fromm. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

The Historical Road of Eastern Orthodoxy. By Alexander Schmemann. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.50.

History of Japanese Religion. By Masahara Anesaki. Tuttle. $7.50.

Pen-Ultimates: Comment on the Folk Religions of America. By Martin E. Marty and Dean G. Peerman. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $2.95.

Philosophies of Judaism: The History of Jewish Philosophy from Biblical Times to Franz Rosenzweig. By Julius Guttmann. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50.

Sociology

Class and Nationality: English and American Studies. By Joel B. Montague, Jr. College and University Press Services. $5.

Communities in Action: Pattern and Process. By Severyn T. Bruyn. College and University Press Services. $5.

The East and the West: A Study of Their Psychic and Cultural Characteristics. By Sidney Lewis Gulick. Tuttle. $6.95.

Psychiatry in American Life. Edited by Charles Rolo. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

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What Not to Do as the Romans Do

ROME.

OPERA in Rome is easily divisible into two categories: that which is seen but not heard, and that which is heard but not seen. The former accommodates the lesser form of the art that flourishes in the enormous Terme di Caracalla ("baths" of ancient days), where what looks like a performance of Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* on the stage may be quite inaudible a hundred or so rows away. Some may argue that this is, on the whole, the best way to deal with *Forza;* but when it comes to *Falstaff* I am much more partial to the second variety, which has recently produced some of the best recorded opera ever in the Rome Opera House and is now even more favorably situated in RCA Victor's own new studios on the Via Tiburtina, sixteen kilometers out of town.

It may be fantasy to say that a hall can be recognized from its sound even though one has never seen it before, but the mixture of orchestra and voices in the mammoth Studio A gave out the ring familiar from last year's *Madama Butterfly,* though its outlines were still only dimly visible through the control room window. Arguments may rage interminably about the best proportions for a concert hall, but for a recording studio, RCA's engineers seem to have found an infallible answer. Build it twice as long as it is high, and three times as wide. That, in any case, is the formula that has worked so well for Studio A, which is 40 feet high, 80 feet long, and 120 feet wide. From the control room, one could well have used opera glasses to make out the facial expressions of Giulietta Simionato and Geraint Evans as they went through the first scene of Act II on the distant platform that serves as a stage. But the sound that came out of the speakers under the urgent direction of Georg Solti was, unmistakably, vintage Verdi. Of possible alternatives, this was clearly the preferable one; Simionato, for all her petiteness, is vocally overpowering and comically immense as Dame Quickly, and Evans's Falstaff has the Shakespearean voice to match the Verdian style.

Whether there is anything at all to the proposition that his English birth affords a plus in achieving so superior an understanding of a character so intensely of a place and a time as Sir John is vulnerable on at least two counts: Evans is Welsh and *Falstaff* is basically as much Italian opera as it is Elizabethan comedy. But with no makeup, a trim figure, and coal-black hair to belie the paunch and graying thatch of "vecchio John," Evans drew a character with his voice that could be bettered only in some non-Roman situation in which he would be both seen and heard. In the partnership to come with Robert Merrill—who was patiently waiting Ford's turn on a July afternoon that was steaming outside but workably cool in the air-conditioned inside—RCA's recording could have some of the richest interchanges among male voices this music has had in years. Absent at this session but within call for duties later were Alfredo Kraus, who sings Fenton, and Rosalind Elias, Ilva Ligabue, and Mirella Freni, who, with Simionato, make up the quartet of conspiratorial ladies.

The irony that relatively few Romans will eventually hear the finished product (records in multiple packages are luxury items in Italy) is exceeded only by the paradox that practically no natives hear in the theatre the kind of operatic art that is a recurrent happening in its recording studios. The Rome Opera House shows signs of physical reconstruction outside, but it needs even more drastic revision in artistic standards if it is to emerge from the second division in Italy's operatic league. Some hope is held for such improvement under the leadership of Maestro Massimo Bogianchino, who took over early this year, but to date it is but hope.

So far as manpower is concerned, Rome conceivably has enough, but it is rarely concentrated for operatic purposes of the stage as it is in these recording sessions. And the womanpower that qualified Vera Carmerelli (of the string quartet of the same name) to be the concertmistress of this *Falstaff* orchestra probably could not be commandeered for repertory performances. For that matter, RCA had the good fortune to enlist Luigi Ricci, one of Italy's best operatic coaches, as first prompter and major domo for conductor Solti, while at hand also was Edward Downes of the Covent Garden staff to unsnag any problems that might arise for Evans. In such circumstances, the remorseless "One more, please" from recording director Richard Mohr was less exacerbating than it sometimes has been; indeed, it was almost genial. Clearly, where opera is concerned, the way to success is not to do as the Romans do.

There was an operatic undertone also to an unusual concert on Saturday night in the handsome, well-designed auditorium of *Radio Italiana* in the complex of buildings called *Foro Italico*. Located on the far, or Vatican, side of the Tiber, it drew the unindoctrinated visitor into a newer aspect of the Roman scene that is distinct from, yet esthetically in balance with, the centuries-old areas known to tourists everywhere. To make the momentary momentous, there was an eclipse of the moon hovering overhead.

The operatic interest of the concert organized in collaboration with the American Academy in Rome and directed by Ferruccio Scaglia reposed in the performance of *Kyros, poema per orchestra,* by Marvin David Levy of New York. For those to whom this allusion is not immediately meaningful, it may be added that Levy is a young (thirty-one) composer who has been honored by the interest of the Metropolitan Opera in a setting of Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra,* which he is composing on a Ford Foundation grant. How that work is progressing I do not know, but the evidence of the score performed under his Prix de Rome marks Levy as a man of fertile imagination, independent impulse, and considerable command of orchestral resource. Its length was greater than its substance—which is to say, merely, that Levy is as yet a composer of more talent than experience—but there was much in it that commanded respect.

The other American composers of this program were Leslie Bassett of Hanford, California, with a well-knit series of variations, and Paul Nelson of Phoenix, Arizona, whose work for chorus, strings, and harp (on texts of Thomas Lodge) was entitled *Songs of Life.* The able orchestra of *Radiotelevisione Italiana* performed the American works (all first performances) with as much command as they showed in the concluding Concerto No. 4 for Strings of Italy's own Goffredo Petrassi. This related more than a little to the excellent abilities of youthful Maestro Scaglia, who had not only the rhythmic and textural problems of the American works in hand, but also the attention of his performers. As well as suiting its primary purpose well, the functionally designed auditorium seating eight or nine hundred on a rising rank of tiered seats has a visual aspect both clean and attractive.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Vienna's Brave Young Symbol

THE DAY I visited the new Museum des XX Jahrhunderts in Vienna, Austria's most distinguished contemporary sculptor, Fritz Wotruba, was on hand supervising the installation of a large retrospective exhibition of his work scheduled to open three days later. A more sympathetic setting for contemporary sculpture I cannot imagine. In fact, everything about the museum corresponds to its name, from its architecture and collection to its knowledgeable young director. One of the handsomest small galleries in Europe or America, the building was originally erected as the Austrian Pavilion at the Brussels Fair. Later it was dismantled and set up in Vienna as a modern museum under the Ministry of Education.

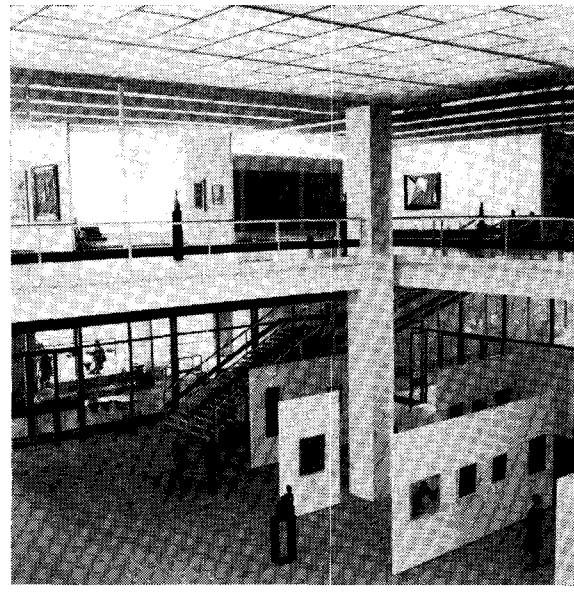
Generously blessed with light and fluid space, the gallery is made flexible by movable walls and ingenious hanging panels. From three sides one looks out on sculpture courts surrounded by a wooded public park. Here, because outside and inside space merge successfully to give a sense of complete integration, architecture becomes the servant of art rather than its dictator. The over-all design, no less than certain specific details (notably two floating staircases), suggests the happy influence of Mies van der Rohe.

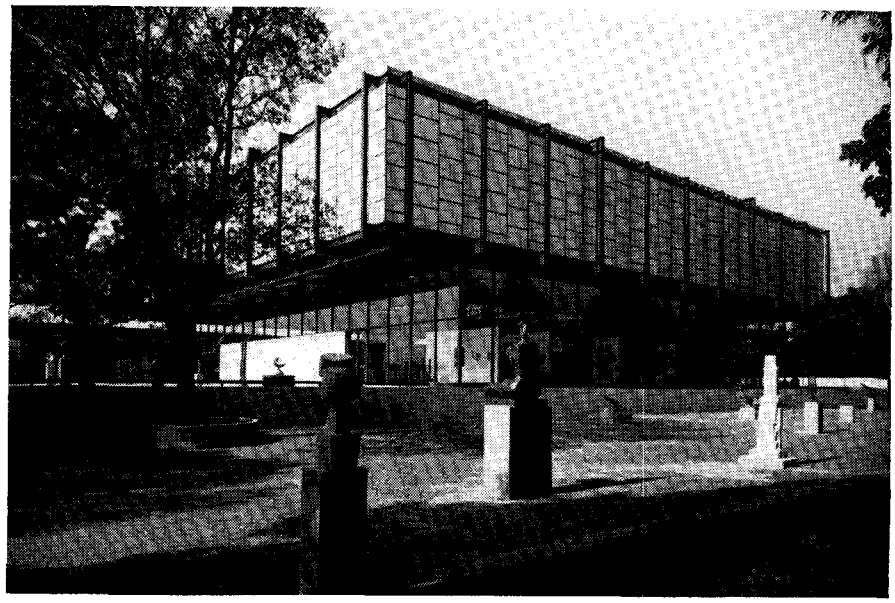
This, the youngest art museum in Europe, was inaugurated last September with a comprehensive exhibition borrowed from important centers throughout the world and organized to trace the many faces of art during the last sixty years. Under the able direction of Werner Hofmann, an Austrian art scholar who at one time taught in the United States, the infant museum has already made impressive strides. Specializing in sculpture, since this medium is often less costly than paintings of comparable quality, Dr. Hofmann has acquired works by such outstanding artists as Pevsner, Laurens, Duchamp-Villon, Medardo Rosso, Moore, and Calder. He is also buying lesser-known experimental paintings and sculpture from France, Germany, Italy, England, Holland, Switzerland—indeed, from all over the world. The collection includes relatively few Americans, though both Calder and Tobey are represented—as is the architect Philip Johnson, with a small model of his home in New Canaan. The idea of combining scale models by important modern architects with paintings and sculpture adds an interesting dimension to the museum and makes one wonder why we do not see more of such cross-breeding. According to Dr. Hofmann, the American section is sparse only because art in the United States is too inflated for his budget.

Masterpieces in the collection include a large Matisse stained glass window, a fine early Kokoschka, a ferocious 1944 wax painting by Brauner that "out-Dubuffets" Dubuffet at a suspiciously early date, and a wall-like Wotruba relief dramatically dominating one of the outside sculpture courts. As might be expected, the survey of northern European art, with its emphasis on German and American Expressionism, is especially rewarding.

Even a brief visit to Vienna reveals how arid is much of nineteenth-century Austrian painting when compared to the country's early twentieth-century art. Just before the First World War, Klimt, Schiele, Gerstl, and Kokoschka were forging intensely personal styles—feverish, evasive, introspective, touched perhaps with a tragic foreboding of things to come. Had subsequent world history been different, one can only speculate what the present state of modern art in Austria would have been. As it is, the new Expressionism was decimated before it came of age. Everything challenging and evocative was to be lost in a morass of mediocrity. But it seems more than likely that the elliptical linear mannerisms inherited from Art Nouveau might eventually have blossomed into an authentic Austrian movement.

To understand the problems this splendid new museum faces is to understand how the last fifty years of political and social upheaval have affected Austrian art. Despite a lively program of concerts, movies, and lectures, despite excellent press reviews, well-designed posters, and good publicity, despite an ever-changing exhibition schedule (including recent one-man shows by Lehmbruck and Hartung, with plans in the near future for ex-





Museum des XX Jahrhunderts—Where there's art, there's hope.

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hibits of Matta, Brauner, and the American, Franz Kline), the attendance figures at the gallery are extremely disappointing. Already the museum cafeteria has been forced to close for lack of customers.

Dr. Hofmann feels the apathy comes partly from present-day Viennese conservatism, partly from a lack of normal curiosity, and partly because the museum is low on snob appeal. But I think there are more basic reasons. It was not alone this museum I found empty in Vienna; so, too, was the Kunsthistorische Museum, with its sumptuous collections of Brueghel, Rubens, Titian, and Velásquez. Except for a few stray tourists, this world-renowned institution was as deserted as any fifth-rate provincial gallery limited to reproductions and plaster casts. I found the same lack of interest at the Belvedere Palace, where only Austrian art is shown. Vienna, once a highly cultivated city, has been drained by two world wars and by humiliating defeats. Though prosperity seems very much the order of the day, one senses that this metropolis has lost the luster that for a short time made it a sophisticated art and craft center.

The total disintegration of bourgeois society in Austria saw the end of all

cultural experimentation. Public taste was blunted, even debased, by alternate Nazi and Communist infiltrations. Moreover, the thorough extermination and emigration of the Jews, a group that represented the country's leading collectors and art connoisseurs, was a severe blow to esthetic progress. So, too, was the flight of every important artist. Only one, Wotruba, has returned. Kokoschka, Austria's best-known living painter, remains an expatriate in England.

Under the circumstances, this highly contemporary museum is something of a miracle, for as Wotruba sadly observed, it will be many a year before Austria regains her past *entente* with the arts. For him, popular taste today scarcely rises above "a kind of Alpine folk art." And yet the Museum des XX Jahrhunderts is a courageous symbol and a tangible sign that the future is not without hope.

—Katharine Kuh.

buy him his life

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True Confessions

I SHOULD like to think that every movie critic at one time or another has reached the point where he is ready to turn in his badge and take up a respectable career. Seeing and reporting on movies, after all, is hardly at the core of our economy. The earth will not stop spinning simply because a critic rates film A above film B. Not even for the makers of film B. The critic writes hopefully. He wants enough people to see film A to make our timorous producers see that the A-type picture is clearly the way to fame and riches. At the same time, if he has been within a couple of thousand miles of a studio operation, he is aware that no matter what his verdict may be, certain films are going to turn back a tidy profit to their investors. Regardless of quality, some films are going to make it financially simply because they promise (though not necessarily deliver) a quota of thrills and titillations to a rather wide audience that wouldn't dream of reading a movie review in the first place.

As a critic writing for *SR* I admit I have certain advantages. Since ours is not a "publication of record" I don't have to see every picture the studios turn out. Nor do I have to issue solemn reports upon every movie that I do see. But, having loved the medium inordinately since childhood, I find myself frequently sallying forth into the night with a prayer on my lips: "Make this a good one, or at the very least let it be amusing." Yet how frequently am I disappointed, rebuffed by the very films I should like to defend. I have long contended, for example, that Hollywood would be far better off concentrating on low-budgeted, meaningful scripts than upon empty, star-studded, multimillion-dollar spectaculars. Even after *The Young and the Brave*, I still feel that way. Unfortunately, this shoddy melodrama of the war in Korea does nothing to sustain that belief. Whatever it is trying to say about courage in wartime and trust in the decency of people (except, of course, the Russians) is lost in a welter of flat dialogue and one-dimension people. Rory Calhoun, its star, boasted, "At least, it was made in Hollywood, and for $160,000." What he meant was "at *most*."

Perhaps only a glutton for punishment would go to see *King Kong vs. Godzilla* in the first place. But that's the kind of glutton I am. Besides, I have long considered the original *King Kong* one of the great science-fiction adventure stories. I confess I went hoping that the new, Japanese-made version would either continue the tradition or fall so far below it that one could enjoy its ineptitudes. Neither is the case. Where the original *Kong* was an ingenious mechanism brought to life by stop-motion photography, the present incumbent is all too obviously a Japanese wrestler in a monkey suit, and his reptilian adversary is another, with the result that their climactic encounter is about as illuminating and enlivening as the matches that Gorgeous George used to stage on television.

Nor was I correct in my assumption that Mickey Spillane, in person, playing his own Mike Hammer in *The Girl Hunters* might prove to be another *Dr. No*. The hatchet-faced, broad-shouldered Spillane, his porkpie hat seemingly nailed to his skull, is no match for the urbane Mr. Bond. And while there is a superficial similarity between the two films in their enthusiasm for beatings, killings, and scantily clad maidens, Spillane pursues his prey with such sado-masochistic ardor as to conceal from the audience the innate absurdity of his plot—or, in short, the very element that made *Dr. No* acceptable.

But what has me, as critic, most concerned at the moment is the fact that I am completely unable to differentiate between, or even remember, the innumerable little domestic comedies that come pouring from the studios these days. They are all determinedly bright, opulently dressed, and immediately forgettable—and most of them star Doris Day. Come to think of it, however, it is Mitzi Gaynor, not Miss Day, who kids the world of advertising in *For Love or Money*. And it is Miss Day, as a harassed housewife, who kids the world of television commercials in *The Thrill of It All*. And it is Shirley Jones, playing a harassed widow with three repulsive moppets, who keeps trying to look and act like Doris Day in *A Ticklish Affair*. In these particular assignments, the three leading men—Kirk Douglas, James Garner, and Gig Young respectively—are equally interchangeable, as are the plots and gags. Of the three films, *Affair* is rather inferior in pace and plotting; but does one really need a critic to differentiate between brands of fluff?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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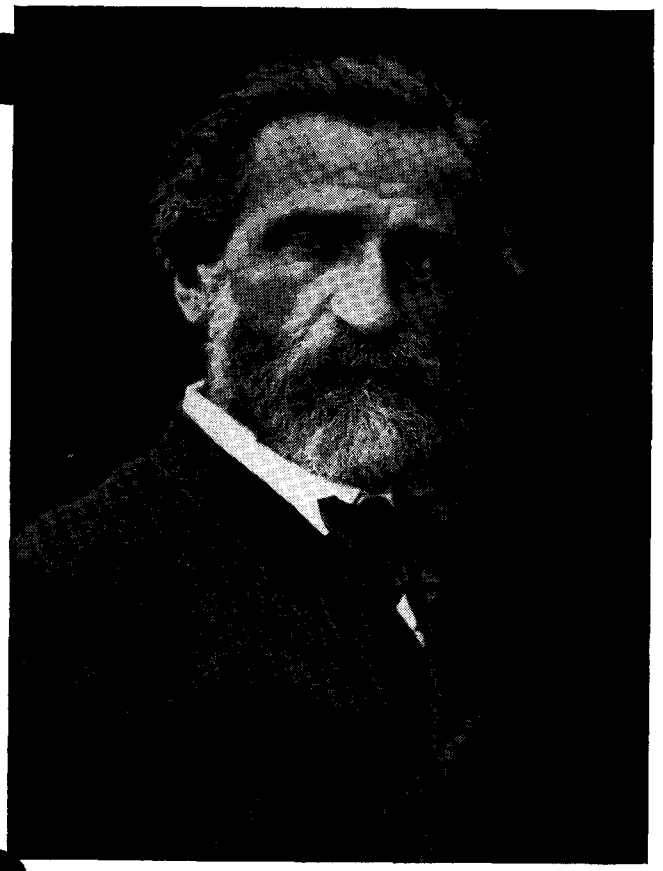

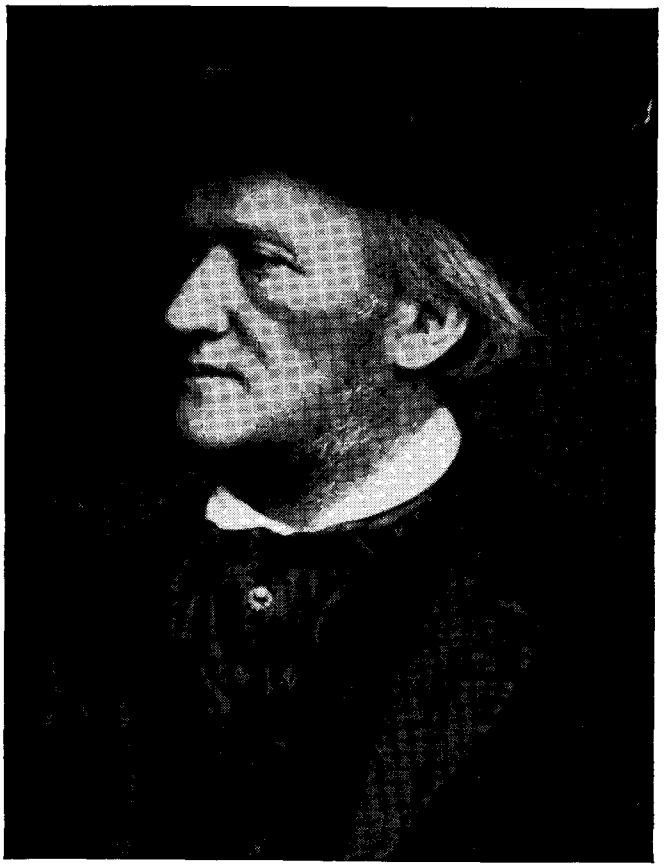

—*Culver.*

Verdi and Wagner—"wary respect . . . and contemptuous labels."

THE VERDI-WAGNER ANNIVERSARY

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By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

WAGNER and Verdi, the two titans of nineteenth-century opera—surely the relations between them must have been interesting? Wilhelm Richard Wagner was a twenty-week-old baby at Leipzig one hundred and fifty years ago when, on October 10, 1813, Giuseppe Fortunino Francesco Verdi was born at Le Roncole in the Grand Duchy of Parma. Wagner was to live almost seventy years and complete thirteen operas; Verdi would live more than eighty-seven years and—not counting revisions and second versions—compose twenty-six operas. Both men would travel to Paris, London, Vienna, and other parts of Europe. Wagner would visit Italy more than once. But the two men never met despite the acquaintances, even friends, that they had in common.

Verdi always maintained a wary respect for the works of his powerful German contemporary, but Wagner was given to mentioning Verdi's operas only under such contemptuous catchall labels as "Donizetti & Co." and "the new *furia* of modern operas as exemplified in *I Vespri Siciliani* and other nights of carnage." They heard astonishingly little of each other's music, but not because they lacked opportunities: their attitudes toward the compositions of others differed almost as completely as their natures and personalities.

Wagner was only twenty-two years old when *Das Liebesverbot*, the first of his operas to be staged, was heard for a single performance at provincial Magdeburg on March 29, 1836. Verdi was twenty-six when his first opera, *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio*, was mounted at Italy's reigning theatre, La Scala at Milan. Both composers won a first significant success in 1842, when not yet thirty: Verdi at La Scala with *Nabucco* on March 9, Wagner at Dresden with *Rienzi* on October 20. Typically, *Nabucco* was to be staged at Berlin as early as September 21, 1844, whereas *Rienzi* did not reach Italy until it was staged in Arrigo Boito's translation at Venice on March 15, 1874.

At least eleven of Verdi's operas had been presented in Germany before—at Bologna on November 1, 1871—Italy heard its first Wagnerian opera, *Lohengrin*. Even then, it was largely a

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A VERDI-WAGNER CHRONOLOGY

VERDI		WAGNER
Born, Le Roncole (Oct. 10).	1813	Born, Leipzig (May 22).
	1824	Begins piano study.
An overture by him performed at Busseto.	1828	
	1831	Studies harmony and counterpoint; composes symphony, overtures, piano pieces.
Despite his talent and broad—though generally informal—training, Verdi turned down by Milan Conservatory.	1832	C-major Symphony played at Prague Conservatory; score and libretto for *Die Hochzeit* begun.
	1834	*Die Feen*, his ,first opera, completed; *Das Liebesverbot* begun.
Marries Margherita Barezzi.	1836	Marries Minna Planer. *Das Liebesverbot* produced, Magdeburg.
Verdi's first wife and two children die.	1838-1840	
First opera, *Oberto*, produced at La Scala.	1839	*Faust* Overture composed.
Un Giorno di Regno, Milan.	1840	Libretto for *Fliegende Holländer* and all of *Rienzi* completed.
Nabucco, Milan.	1842	
I Lombardi, Milan.	1843	*Fliegende Holländer*, Dresden.
Ernani, Venice.	1844	*Tannhäuser*, Dresden. *Lohengrin* and *Meistersinger* conceived.
	1845	
Macbeth, Florence; Verdi leaves Italy for first time.	1847	*Rienzi* performed in Berlin.
Luisa Miller, Naples.	1849	Wagner sides with revolutionists; flees to Weimar, Paris, and eventually Zurich.
	1850	*Lohengrin*, Weimar.
Rigoletto, Venice.	1851	
Il Trovatore, Rome; *La Traviata*, Venice.	1853	Meets Cosima Liszt, 16; dedicates new piano sonata to Mathilde Wesendonk.
	1854	*Das Rheingold* completed; *Die Walküre* begun.
I Vespri Siciliani, Paris.	1855	Meets Berlioz; conducts 8 concerts in London.
Simone Boccanegra, Venice; *Aroldo*, Rimini.	1857	First *Parsifal* sketch; *Tristan* text written; first three Wesendonk Lieder composed.
Un Ballo in Maschera, Rome; Italy fights war of unification; Verdi marries Giuseppina Strepponi. Elected as Deputy in Italy's first National Parliament.	1859	*Tristan* finished.
	1860	Wagner conducts in Paris; is granted permission to return to Germany (except Saxony).
	1861	*Tannhäuser* performed in Paris with revised Venusberg scene.
La Forza del Destino, St. Petersburg.	1862	*Meistersinger* text completed, score begun. Return to Saxony made possible by amnesty.
	1864	Befriended by Ludwig II of Bavaria.
Resigns from Parliament.	1865	*Tristan* première, Munich; Wagner moves to Switzerland; dictates *Mein Leben* to Cosima.
Don Carlos, Paris.	1867	
	1868	*Meistersinger*, Munich; Wagner meets Nietzsche.
	1869	Composition of *Siegfried* resumed; *Rheingold*, Munich.
	1870	Score of *Götterdämmerung* begun. Cosima divorces von Bülow and marries Wagner. *Siegfried Idyll* composed.
Aida, Cairo.	1871	*Siegfried* finished. First visit to Bayreuth.
Manzoni Requiem, Milan.	1874	Wagner moves to Bayreuth; finishes *Götterdämmerung*.
Nominated Senator.	1875	Preliminary rehearsals for opening of Bayreuth Festival.
	1876	Initial Bayreuth Festival includes three complete *Ring* cycles.
	1877	*Parsifal* composition begun.
	1882	*Parsifal*, Bayreuth.
	1883	Wagner contemplates writing a symphony; dies (February 13) after a seizure in Venice.
Otello, Milan.	1887	
Falstaff, Milan.	1893	
Giuseppina Strepponi dies.	1897	
Quattro Pezzi Sacri composed.	1898	
Verdi dies in Milan (Jan. 27).	1901	

—M.B.

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challenge by the music publisher Lucca to the increasing domination of all Italian opera houses by the more powerful publisher, G. Ricordi & Co.

The dates of first performances of Verdi in Germany and of Wagner in Italy outline an interesting commentary on the operatic customs of the era and on the possibility of one composer's practice having influenced the other's—a likelihood that now seems very small, though the influence of Meyerbeer's super-theatrical manner on both of them still often is misread as an interrelationship between them. After the Bologna *Lohengrin* of 1871, Wagner's other operas journeyed south across the Alps in this order: *Tannhäuser*, 1872; *Rienzi*, 1874; *Der fliegende Holländer*, 1877—all these before Wagner's death; after it, *Tristan und Isolde* (translated by Boito), 1888; *Die Meistersinger*, 1889; *Die Walküre*, 1891; *Götterdämmerung*, 1895; *Siegfried*, 1899; *Das Rheingold*, 1903; and *Parsifal*, January 1, 1914, the first day after the expiration of the Bayreuth copyright.

Difficulties supervene in any attempt to complete a related list of Verdi premières in Germany (not including Vienna). After the Berlin *Nabucco* of 1844, however, they included *I Lombardi* and *Ernani*, 1845; *Luisa Miller*, 1851; *Rigoletto*, 1853; *Attila*, 1854; *Il Trovatore*, 1855; *I Due Foscari*, 1856; *La Traviata* and *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, 1857; *Un Ballo in Maschera*, 1861; *Don Carlos*, 1868; *Aida*, 1874; *La Forza del Destino*, 1878; *Otello*, 1888, and *Falstaff*, 1893—all during Verdi's lifetime, all but the last two during Wagner's.

In July, 1863, Verdi's friend Countess Clarina Maffei wrote him that two young Italian musicians came to see her every evening: they were Franco Faccio and Arrigo Boito, the latter, she said, hesitating between poetry and music. Verdi replied: "In Paris last year I often saw Boito and Faccio, and certainly they are two young men with lots of talent, but I can't say anything about their musical gifts because I've never heard a thing by Boito, and by Faccio only a few things that he came to play to me one day. For the rest, if Faccio presents an opera, the public will pass judgment on it. These two young men are accused of being very warm admirers of Wagner. No harm in that as long as admiration doesn't degenerate into imitation." Verdi, that is, already had begun to fear the denationalizing effects of Italian Wagnerism.

As early as 1864, Wagner—in bad financial straits as usual and fully aware that no new opera by him had been heard since *Lohengrin* fourteen years before—was writing to the Cabinet Treasurer of King Ludwig of Bavaria that his needs, which he hoped that the promised generosity of His Majesty would fill, amounted altogether "to what can be made by a famous singer or dancer in three months, or what St. Petersburg pays for a new Verdi opera there." This reference was to the world première of *La Forza del Destino* in the Russian capital on November 10, 1862, which had earned Verdi a large fee and a decoration from Alexander II, but little enough satisfaction otherwise. But no documents can be cited to show that Wagner at that time had heard any of Verdi's music. That Verdi, on the other hand, was acquainted with some Wagnerian scores (he appears to have heard the overture to *Tannhäuser* in 1865) was proved when he sadly wrote to a friend about Berlioz's death in 1869, saying that the French composer "had a feeling for instrumentation and has been a forerunner of Wagner in many orchestral effects (the Wagnerians don't agree, but such is the case)."

IN 1871, Verdi traveled from Genoa to Bologna and back in order to attend one of the performances of *Lohengrin* conducted by Angelo Mariani (Boito also was in the house on that November 19). He listened to the opera with a score in hand and swiftly made marginal notes both on the opera as such and on the performance, wholly unaware that his presence in the theater in itself was the cause of most of the bad moments. His glosses take up three pages in Franco Abbiati's *Verdi*. They end with this summation: "Impression mediocre. The music beautiful when it is clear and has thought. The action runs as slowly as the words. Therefore boredom. Beautiful instrumental effects. Abuse of held notes, risking heaviness. Mediocre performance. Lots of verve, but lacking poetry and finesse. Always bad in the difficult passages."

Verdi may also have heard a *Tannhäuser* at Vienna in 1875, but he probably never heard *Tristan*, *Die Meistersinger*, or any part of the *Ring*, and cannot have heard *Parsifal*, which during his lifetime was given outside Bayreuth—which he never visited—only in oratorio performances that he cannot have attended. Wagner went to a singing of the Verdi *Requiem* at Vienna in 1875. What he thought of it is not known, but at least he did not leave the hall before its conclusion, as he did after Act I of Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine* during the same Vienna visit. Verdi is not mentioned in Wagner's huge autobiography, *Mein Leben*, and if he studied or heard any of Verdi's opera, he kept the fact hidden.

Verdi's reaction to news of Wagner's death at Venice on February 13, 1883, is spelled out in the letter that he wrote immediately to Giulio Ricordi: "Sad! Sad! Sad! Honestly, when I read the news yesterday, I was crushed. Let's say no more about it. A great individuality has gone, a name that will leave a most powerful impress on the history of art." He had written *potente*—powerful—but then had crossed it out and substituted the superlative *potentissima*—most powerful. Six years later, Verdi's friend Franco Faccio conducted the first London *Otello*, and evidently wrote the composer that its success was a "triumph of Italian art." Verdi was not deceived. He replied: "From telegrams and from [Emanuele] Muzio, I have had news of the London *Otello*. Now you confirm these notices, and I am pleased, though at my age and in the present condition of our music, a success doesn't signify anything. You speak of a 'triumph of Italian art'!! You're mistaken. Our young Italian composers aren't good patriots. If the Germans, issuing from Bach, have reached Wagner, they make opera as good Germans, and that's fine. But we descendants of Palestrina, imitating Bach, commit a musical crime and make opera that is useless, even harmful."

And when, on April 14, 1892, Verdi had to reply to a fulsome letter in which Wagner's onetime friend Hans von Bülow apologized for having sneered at Verdi's music eighteen years before, he reiterated his conviction that Italian composers should not ape German composers, undoubtedly meaning Wagner in particular. "If the artists of the North and South," he wrote Bülow, "have differing tendencies, well, let them be different! All should preserve *their nations' inherent characters*, as Wagner well said. Happy you, who still are sons of Bach! And we? We, too, sons of Palestrina, at one time had a great school . . . and our own! Now it has become bastardized and is threatened with ruin! If we could turn back to the beginning?" Verdi was writing, it should be kept in mind, nine years after Wagner's death, twenty-four years after the première of Boito's *Mefistofele*, sixteen after that of Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, two after that of Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, the very year of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*—and before the appearance of anything by Puccini except *Le Villi* and *Edgar*.

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Jacob's Pillow Revisited

By JOHN MARTIN

WITTINGLY or unwittingly, summer festivals are class-angled in favor of the carriage trade. To try to get up to the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in the Berkshires, for example, without a car of your own is to be forcibly reminded that you belong to the underprivileged. The nearest railroad station is at Lee, Massachusetts, nine miles away, and then where are you? The only train between there and New York is a lineal descendant of the Toonerville Trolley, which runs (if that is not too strong a term) at ungodly hours and is an innocent of air-conditioning as the Sahara.

In spite of all this, however, the fact remains that it is thirty years since Ted Shawn started the festivals in this inaccessible Eden, and every summer he has had to add a new wing to the central building, new studio buildings for the school, new gadgets to increase the comfort of the Ted Shawn Theatre where the performances are housed. If he has been trying to prove the better mousetrap theory, he seems to have won, hands down; more and more people keep turning up all the time.

The opening event of his thirty-first season, a two-week stand by the Ballet Español Ximenez-Vargas, throws a good deal of light on the subject. If the Toonerville Trolley safari were half again as hot and twice as long, it would still be worth it, for this is one of the great Spanish dance companies of our day, and where else can you see it in a two-week run? New York? Hah! By the law of averages, of course, it is unlikely that all the season's attractions will be as good as this, but some of them look intriguing on paper, and among them are importations from various quarters of the globe that you might have to wait a long time to see in the big cities, where the presentation of dance artists is a rat race.

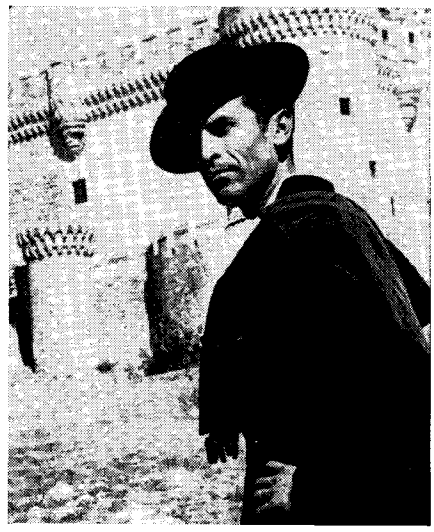
To be sure, there are limitations to what can be accomplished in the Ted Shawn Theatre, which, for all its good points, is strictly a summer theatre. It provides no orchestra and can accommodate little in the way of production. But within its own area, it works.

The two programs presented by the Ximenez-Vargas company varied considerably in effectiveness, partly because of heat waves and thunder storms, and partly because the material of the second week's program was inferior, by and large, to that of the first week's.

To get the bad news over at once, the company's new staging of De Falla's *El Amor Brujo* was poor. It is extremely doubtful if anybody will ever come up with a good one; La Argentina, La Argentinita, Escudero, all tried it with questionable results. The plot of the piece is unchoreographic and, indeed, unstageworthy, full of literary complications and implications. Roberto Ximenez and Manolo Vargas are superb choreographers, but apparently they were so occupied with making sense of the story that they produced not a single dance. The score, however, contains several potential dances, which might constitute a first-rate suite, separated from the dramatic encumbrances. What La Argentina did, for example, forty years ago with the Ritual Fire Dance as a solo recital number without orchestra is unforgettable. But the work as a whole is simply not a ballet, and might as well be abandoned once and for all.

None of this alters in the least the virtues—the extraordinary virtues, indeed—of the Ximenez-Vargas company. What it possesses outstandingly, both as a unit and as individuals, is an awareness deep in the musculature of the substance of the Spanish dance, and in terms of this enormously vital substance it can create and communicate works of art.

In the entire field of dance there is no richer medium. The moment the dancer takes his stance he brings into being a continuum of motivity that prevails until he lets go of it. He plugs in, as it were, on a current more powerful than he is, and his dancing is a contest to control it and to channel it to his purposes. He is, to change the figure, both the torero and the bull.



Ximenez—"crystalline, classic, virtuoso."

In texture the Spanish dance is a high dramatization of muscular tonicity, with its surging successions of rises and falls, tension and release occasionally interrupted by electrifying suspensions of all outward movement, as if the entire musculature were holding its breath in a momentary summation of conquest.

It is no wonder that the Spanish dancer considers the spectator as a participant, for the effect of movement like this through automatic kinesthetic transfer is tremendous and irresistible upon the watcher. He is laid open to whatever the dancer chooses to do to him in terms of both formal and emotional communication.

What Ximenez and Vargas choose to do in both categories is impressive and beautiful. Distinguished composition in Spanish dances is comparatively rare, for the material is in itself so effective that the general run of dancers deems it sufficient simply to deal in workmanlike routines. This Ximenez and Vargas do not do. Indeed, not since the days of La Argentina has there been so striking an example of choreographic taste and skill. Certainly their work is worlds apart from hers; nevertheless there is something of the same formal sensitivity, the same undertone of style, the safe gift for bringing forth shapely and substantive works of art instead of ethnic exploitations.

SINCE all the choreography is jointly accredited, it is impossible to tell which choreographer does what. As dancers, however, Ximenez is crystalline, classic, virtuoso; Vargas is warmer, less showy, essentially romantic. All these qualities are evident also in the repertoire, whoever may be responsible for them.

The program offered the first week is a complete triumph. It provides an evening of rare satisfaction, at the conclusion of which you have had an exhilerating vicarious muscular workout sitting quietly in your seat, as well as the simultaneous experiencing which it induces of some lively and lovely art.

A suite of "school" boleros is charming and eminently stylish; suites from the northern provinces, Andalusia, South America, Iberia in general, and a Cuadro Flamenco, are all notable for their compositional unity as well as for their regional aspects.

On dramatic lines there are two out-

(Continued on page 46)

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And All That Jazz

By STANLEY DANCE

JAZZ has so broadened in scope that it is now impossible to please all of its devotees all of the time in a mammoth presentation like the tenth annual Newport Jazz Festival, which ran for four days (July 4-7) and attracted some 36,000 people.

George Wein, the festival's producer, is well aware of this. He knows jazz intimately both as a performer and as a listener, and he knows from hard experience how to run a festival. This year's edition was financially successful and often rewarding musically, but the inevitable policy of something for everybody entailed a certain amount of irritation for everybody, too. After sitting through approximately twenty-four hours of jazz, often under quite rigorous conditions, it was impossible not to conclude that anyone who claimed to love jazz, without qualification, was singularly lacking in taste.

Hearing the popular artists of the day alongside the not-so-popular certainly provoked thoughts about the music's past and future. For example, now that the connection with the dance has become so tenuous, the feeling for efficacious tempos steadily atrophies. It is not enough that one *can* dance to jazz; it should swing and make one *want* to dance. To sacrifice the rhythmic element in favor of cerebral qualities is one of the basic current errors. It was significant that the two artists—singer Joe Williams and organist Jimmy Smith — who brought the audience storming to its feet, both did so with a strong rhythmic emphasis at good, danceable tempos. "Rock 'n' roll" has become an extremely convenient term of dismissal for any jazz makes listeners do more than pat their feet and snap their fingers, but there was a lesson here for many of those players whose music was richer otherwise in content and invention.

The singers, too, suggested a disquieting deterioration in jazz standards, but perhaps the choice of Nancy Wilson, Dakota Staton, Nina Simone and Ada Lee was a sop to popular taste. None of them had anything important to offer at a jazz festival beyond their femininity, although Miss Staton delivered one or two numbers with creditable drive. Her accompaniments, as arranged by Howard McGhee and Melba Liston, were far more interesting, and they were well played by a band that contained such excellent musicians as Snooky Young, Al Grey, Don Butterfield, Billy Root, and Billy Mitchell. Joe Williams, the one singer to distinguish himself, brought to bear the authority and timing derived from his years as vocalist with Count Basie, and he deservedly scored the festival's first major success. Apart from the somewhat incongruous "A Wayfaring Stranger," he chose his program wisely and paced it well, allowing generous space to the able soloists of the accompanying unit, among whom trumpeter Howard McGhee was outstanding.

McGhee was making a comeback after some years of obscurity and he was impressive in each of several appearances. He played with such a big, forceful tone, vigorous attack, and heated invention that his solos stay in the mind as among the festival's highspots. Other members of what was termed the "house band" were Clark Terry, Coleman Hawkins, and Zoot Sims; their skilled playing in unusual contexts added a welcome and an additional touch of unpredictability.

THE predictable was, in fact, avoided more than was to have been expected, and there were a number of innovations in the pattern Wein established last year. Pee Wee Russell, the veteran clarinetist, played "Nutty" and "Blue Monk" with their composer, Thelonious Monk, and acquitted himself well despite the lack of any previous rehearsal. Vibraphonist Milt Jackson joined Dizzy Gillespie's quintet for an exciting final set on the second night. Art Farmer and Jim Hall played a flugelhorn and guitar duet and also transformed the Gerry Mulligan Quartet into a sextet. Clark Terry and Charlie Mariano joined the trio led by John Coltrane's pianist, McCoy Tyner, and Coleman Hawkins joined Sonny Rollins's quartet.

Cannonball Adderley and Charlie Mariano got together for alto saxophone conversations with Gabe Baltazar in front of Stan Kenton's orchestra, and Sonny Stitt played both alto and tenor saxophones with the Maynard Ferguson band in support. The level of inspiration and performance inevitably varied, but there was something heartening about the willingness and ability of jazz musicians of all ages to get up on the stand and improvise together before as many as ten thousand people. Improvisation is purportedly the lifeblood of jazz and there was little indication in these encounters that the blood was tired.

Vitality and improvisation were also notable features of "An Afternoon at the Hoofer's Club," a show presented by Marshall Stearns with the assistance of six tap dancers: Charlie Atkins, Ernest Brown, Honi Coles, Charles Cook, Chuck Green, and Pete Nugent. Quite apart from their undeniable and refreshing skills, everyone was charmed by the camaraderie that existed among these men. The show continued the story begun at Newport last year. Nugent illustrated the steps of famous dancers of yesteryear; Coles and Atkins did a soft-shoe "class act" with "elegance and precision"; Cook showed what the "knee drops" were and indulged in some "eccentric comedy dancing" with Brown; and Green improvised new steps as fast as Clark Terry could change rhythms. Finally, the dancers threw the ball back to Sam Woodyard and had him repeat their patterns on the drums. Comparing these talented dancers with those in other fields, Stearns made the point that "in tap dancing you have to sound good as well as look good." Baby Lawrence did both when he appeared with Duke Ellington later the same night. His execution and extraordinary facility made it quite clear why he is the favorite dancer of most jazz musicians.

Duke Ellington and his orchestra had the peak position of the entire festival, the second half of Saturday's evening show, and there was no question about their right to it. Duke began with his new "Afro-Bossa," alias "the gutbucket bolero," a marvelously constructed piece played with the color and dynamics of which this band, alone in jazz, has the secret. There followed a vehicle for Cat Anderson's trumpet virtuosity, "The Eighth Veil," an extended showcase for Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet, "Silk Lace," and "Lullaby of Birdland" featuring Rolf Ericson's trumpet. By this time the crowd was calling for "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue," the great and unforgotten success of Newport in 1956. Despite the fact that this was his first performance since returning from Sweden, where he had spent two weeks in hospital with pneumonia, Paul Gonsalves proceeded to play the long, classic solo with all his customary fire and eloquence. Then there were Cootie Williams with plunger-muted and open trumpet in a superb version of "Tutti for Cootie," Ray Nance with violin in

(*Continued on page* 47)

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Recordings in Review

Schumann and Brahms on Love

SCHUMANN: *Spanische Liebeslieder, Opus 138. Lois Marshall, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; William Warfield, baritone.* BRAHMS: *Liebeslieder Waltzes, Opus 52. Veronica Tyler, soprano; Sarfaty; Charles Bressler, tenor; John Boyden, baritone; Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo-pianists (in both).* Columbia Stereo MS 6461, $5.98.

Musicologists in certain quarters have long been clamoring for a revival of the vast, unduly neglected *Hausmusik* repertory of the 1800s. None of their pleas, however, have been as eloquent as this recording, which focuses first on one of the least-known intimate compositions for vocal quartet and duo piano, and then on the best-loved example of the genre. The paradox of the matter is that Schumann's *Spanische Liebeslieder,* overlooked even by most historians and recorded here for the first time, provided Brahms with a model for his Waltzes. And although the latter have survived the transition from private salon to public concert hall with resounding success, the former are, if anything, a more unified and tighter-knit set.

There is even less of Spain in the music of Schumann's Love Songs than there was in Wolf's Song Book, but that becomes insignificant in light of their originality and lyric charm. Schumann never strays far from his familiar lied idiom, and he manages his potentially unwieldy forces in a manner that creates dramatic tension as only his best works do. The pianos dominate the scene: they are used quasi-orchestrally; they comment subtly on the vocal lines (and words), and provide a prelude (in Bolero rhythm!) as well as an Intermezzo at the halfway mark. The singers are confined to solos and duets until the climactic finale, in which they combine as a quartet for the first time. Unfortunately, if there is a weakness in the "cycle," it lies in that finale—a number that fails to keep the promise of sophistication that preceded it. Together, the voices suddenly express rhetorical emotions, and the cliché of an operatic finale never seems far away.

Although Schumann did not write for virtuosos, he must have had a refined vocal quartet in mind for the *Spanische Liebeslieder.* Columbia's soloists bring obvious affection to their task, coupled with a unanimous sense of style and hindered only by diction that is sometimes less than *echt.* They are reinforced by the masterful, remarkably introverted duo-pianism of Gold and Fizdale. Furthermore, Marshall and Simoneau offer their customary tonal sweetness, Warfield sings with an added degree of artistry to counterbalance slightly diminishing resources, and Sarfaty makes a poignant thing of her aria, "Hoch sind die Berge."

She also serves as a common denominator for Schumann and Brahms, the only singer engaged in both. Her associates in the Waltzes, Tyler, Bressler, and Boyden, are less famous, perhaps, than their Schumann counterparts, but no less competent. The unaffected naïveté of the Waltzes, by the way, is best projected by a solo quartet rather than by a chorus, which has so often been used on records. This version may be less extroverted than the historic 78 rpm performance with Seefried, Höngen, Hotter, Wührer, *et al.*, but it is just as effective in its own, more intimate way.

The stereo sound is properly spacious, and Columbia has provided excellent (anonymous) notes as well as texts and translations.

Schuetz's Easter Oratorio

SCHUETZ: *Historia der Auferstehung Jesu Christi. Hans Ulrich Mielsch, Reinhold Bartel, Erich Wenk, Herrad Wehrung, Margarete Witte-Waldbauer, and other vocal soloists with the Schwäbischer Singkreis and chamber orchestra conducted by Hans Grischkat.* Vox Stereo STDL 500.970, $4.98.

Grischkat leads a careful and discreet performance of the Easter Oratorio that testifies simultaneously to the remarkable increase of Schütz's popularity (this is the third version on LP) and to his impact when treated with simplicity. The oratorio—Schütz's first—written in 1623, when the composer was still relatively restrained in his adoption of subjective musical procedures. Nevertheless, the words of the "resurrection" text project drama by themselves, and Schütz's subtle manipulation of the instrumental and vocal textures underscores that drama.

The major problem facing Schütz interpreters today involves editing the rather fragmentary scores available in order to arrive at a sensible distribution of parts and a workable performance scheme. Grischkat has adhered closely to the original, avoiding anachronisms even though a few might have made the oratorio more accessible to non-connoisseur audiences.

He uses two four-part choirs of modest size, counterbalanced by a pair of small instrumental groups—one for the narratives of the Evangelist, another for the remainder of the work. The instruments chosen are conservative—gamba, low strings, an appropriately old-sounding organ, and harpsichord for the continuo—and the reticence of each player reflects his sense of style.

One of the most interesting elements in the oratorio is Schütz's decision to follow the tradition of assigning two voices each to Jesus and Maria Magdalena. Supposedly, the imitative writing and close harmony of both served to keep the holy figures apart from the others, and, at the same time, eliminated the temptation to characterize them. Nevertheless, Bartel and Wenk impart a remarkable amount of emotion to their "duets" as Jesus. Mielsch is equally effective as the Evangelist, for he succeeds in conveying a maximum of expression within the narrow scale available to him. The others all sound competent without sounding terribly professional, which is probably it should be.

Old-Fashioned *Enfant Terrible*

HENRY COWELL: *Twenty Piano Pieces Henry Cowell, pianist and speaker.* Folkways Records FM 3349, $5.98.

Although Cowell has been considered a striking musical pioneer and *enfant terrible* for over fifty years, the shock effect of his works mellows with age. In the pieces presented here, spanning the period 1911-29, the resources of the piano are exhausted far beyond conventional standards, just as the language employed exceeds once-custom-

—*Peter Bartok.*

Cowell—"the shock mellows with age."

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ary harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic procedures. Yet, for all the meaningful experimentation employed, the framework adheres to old-fashioned logic.

Even the most daring pieces no longer seem very daring, partly because they are relatively short, partly because their digressions from tonal sanity are usually momentary, and partly, no doubt, because our ears are growing accustomed to the more foreign sound of electronic burps and gurgles. More often than not, Cowell's tone clusters are merely percussive rhythmic effects, and the bizarre "gut plucking" of the piano is utilized only to add color.

If something vital is lacking in this fascinating and sentimental recorded experience, it is the sight of Cowell at the piano—an impression almost as important as that of the sound. Folkways' reproduction is fine, and the company has been generous with notes and photographs. But one still misses being able to see the venerable composer dive under the piano lid to manipulate the strings with one hand while the other remains on the keyboard (*Sinister Resonance*). And surely it is almost as enlightening, musically, to watch the rhythmic elbow-and fist-wallops given the keys in *Advertisement* as it is to hear them.

Cowell plays his works as, no doubt, only he can. His spoken explanations—folksy, anecdotal, and not very analytical—might have been more helpful, however, had they been used to introduce each item. Lumped together at the end, they have the effect of confusing afterthoughts.

A Lot of Lortzing

LORTZING: *Highlights from "Zar und Zimmermann," and "Der Waffenschmied." Hilde Güden, soprano; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; Eberhard Wächter, baritone; Oskar Czerwenka, bass; Fritz Muliar, actor. Peter Ronnefeld conducting the Volksoper Orchestra and the State Opera Chorus of Vienna.* London Stereo OS 25768, $5.98.

The Romantic *Spieloper* in general, that of Lortzing in particular, represents a little-known genre in the States, but in Austria and Germany it is still very much alive. *Zar* and *Waffenschmied*—with their unashamedly naïve and sentimental melodies, maximum of folk-appeal and minimum of originality—are as popular from Augsburg to Würzburg as *Carmen* and *Rigoletto* are elsewhere. The charm of Lortzing's operas lies in the simplicity of their amiable and predictable musico-dramatic formulas. They add up to pleasant diversions and certainly deserve the same kind of attention recently wasted by our leading opera company on *Martha, The Gypsy Baron, et al.* (No Lortzing opera has ever been given at the Met.)

Gueden—"poise, control, and almost too much sophistication."

The best argument in favor of Lortzing is a good performance, and that, for the most part, is just what he gets here. Ronnefeld knows the traditions involved and leads the Viennese forces with a nice combination of spirit and restraint, plus a refreshing deafness to banality. Güden sings the soprano arias with almost too much sophistication, but her poise and control are wholly persuasive. Wächter's legato phrasing in Peter the Great's aria (a magnificent *Kitsch* warhorse comparable to Verdi's "Di Provenza") reflects similar artistry—artistry that makes both singers' prolonged absence from the New York scene inexplicable. The disappearance of Czerwenka's name from the Met roster, however, is less lamented. In the juicy buffo arias, he disclosed the same unimaginative routine and limited vocal resources that were all too evident in his local Ochs and Rocco a few seasons ago. Kmentt's contributions fall somewhere between the elegant standards of Güden and Wächter and the relatively sloppy ones of Czerwenka.

Ormandy's Strong-Winded Mozart

MOZART: *The Four Concertos for Woodwinds and Orchestra. Volume 1: Concerto for Bassoon, K. 191; for Flute, K. 313. Bernard Garfield, bassoon, and William Kincaid, flute, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Volume 2: Concerto for Oboe, K. 314; for Clarinet, K. 622. John de Lancie, oboe, and Anthony Gigliotti, clarinet, with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia Stereo MS 6451/2, $5.98 each.

This set claims to cover Mozart's entire woodwind concerto output, but it does so only on a technicality. The composer also reworked the oboe concerto included here for flute, and he wrote an additional concerto for flute and harp (K. 299). The decision to bypass both is doubly regrettable since the flutist involved is William Kincaid; the dean of instrumentalists in his field recorded the K. 313 concerto in April 1960, just a month before his retirement (he had joined the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1921).

As it stands, however, Kincaid's valedictory is memorable. He makes the most of Mozarts' bravura opportunities but never sacrifices purity of sound or logic of phrase. The same might be said for the other soloists, all currently first-desk men in Philadelphia. Gigliotti plays the famous clarinet concerto with as mellow a tone as any of his more famous competitors on LP, and, if anything, he has an evener scale than most of them. De Lancie brings a degree of sweetness and self-effacement to the oboe concerto that is equally disarming. And for his part, Garfield easily manages to hold his own against the "lively participation of the orchestra," as Alfred Einstein put it, in the tricky bassoon concerto. It was the same Einstein, by the way, who generalized that "wind instrument players are usually naïve," a judgment cheerfully quoted by the jacket annotator and disclaimed once and for all by the four soloists in action.

If Ormandy's contribution were as enlightened as that of his wind instrumentalists, the set would have been a triumph. Unfortunately, however, some old Philadelphia problems turn up here. The conductor seems unconcerned with certain niceties of Mozartean style and refuses to approach these works as the delicate miniatures they are. Instead, he applies healthy Romantic orchestral standards. The ensemble is too large, the sound it produces too thick, and, as a result, the contours of inner voices often uncertain. Ormandy does strive for a certain overall clarity, but there is a disconcerting sameness about his reading in all four concerti; the slow movements lean too far in the direction of sentimentality, and such details of eighteenth-century music-making as repeats, ornaments, and appropriate cadenzas are treated in haphazard fashion.

The two records are available either as a set or separately. Purchasers are warned, however, that Volume II (the clarinet and oboe concerti) may be accompanied by the notes for Volume I, and vice-versa. Such was the perplexing case with the review copies.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Violin Concerto in D major, Opus 61. Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, with Paul van Kempen conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon Mono LPM 18 099, $5.98. With Eugen Jochum conducting. Stereo SLPM 138 999, $6.98.	DGG's new Schneiderhan-Berlin-Beethoven combination is, in reality, only half new. The mono version is a re-release of the previously available performance conducted by van Kempen; the stereo edition, however, utilizes a different conductor and—more important—restored "original" cadenzas in place of the traditional Joachim ones. These are based on cadenzas Beethoven included in his own piano transcription of the concerto in 1809, three years after the premiere. Since the stereo performance supersedes its predecessor in every respect, retaining both in the catalogue seems of dubious logic. Schneiderhan's Beethoven, like the cadenzas themselves, emerges small-scale and rather introverted—the kind generally more appreciated by German-speaking audiences than our own. The violinist adapts his thin but pure tone to a predominantly cerebral reading that is convincing in the slow movement but sterile elsewhere. Since there is no scarcity of virtuoso Beethoven concerti on LP (this is the nineteenth version in the catalogue), interest in Schneiderhan's generally pedantic interpretation is limited to the unfamiliar cadenzas. Jochum reinforces his soloist's efforts by stressing accuracy and logic at the expense of spontaneity. The sound is fine.
Brahms: Violin Concerto in D, Opus 77. Henryk Szeryng, violin, with Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Mercury Stereo SR90308, $5.98.	If Szeryng had conjured up enough brio in the finale to counterbalance the sensitivity of the movements that preceded it, his Brahms would rank high among the fifteen versions currently available. For the most part, this is an elegant reading, neither too flamboyant nor too restrained; yet there are moments when Brahms requires little except unabashed romantic *esprit,* and it is precisely in these that Szeryng seems, if anything, too well bred. This is less a matter of tone or tempo—the violinist is fine on both counts—than of temperament. Dorati provides positive support, and the stereo reproduction (utilizing 35-mm. magnetic film) is brilliant.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Opus 94. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the North German Radio Network. Vox PL 12.270, $4.98.	In this day of "virtuoso" conductors (those more anxious to draw attention to themselves than to their vehicles), Schmidt-Isserstedt's no-nonsense Brahms is potentially refreshing. The qualifier must be applied, however, because his straightforwardness almost leads to stodginess, and mushy mono sound is a further liability. Also, in repertory recorded by practically every major ensemble in the world, the North German Radio Symphony sounds all too much like the second-string orchestra it is.
Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K. 330; No. 41 in C, K. 551 ("Jupiter"). Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon Stereo SLPM 138 815, $6.98.	After last month's mannered, slow-motion *Così fan Tutte,* the unpredictable Böhm offers the 40th and 41st Symphonies in performances that are models of style, restraint, and logic. The tempi never drag, not even in the Andantes, which might have tempted the maestro in that direction; nor, for that matter, does speed ever become an end in itself. Furthermore, Böhm sheds light on the miraculous details of construction in both scores without ever distorting the perspective. His efforts are ably seconded by the Berlin Philharmonic and the engineers.
Prokofiev: *Peter and the Wolf;* Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.* Lorin Maazel, conductor and narrator; Alec Clunes, narrator, with the Orchestre National Francais. Deutsche Grammophon Stereo SLPM 138 746, $6.98.	The busy Mr. Maazel gives a simultaneous demonstration of how and how not to make mu for the uninitiated. On one side he allows condescension and ego to disfigure Britten, while on the other he does justice to Prokofiev by performing *Peter and the Wolf* straight. Most of problems with the *Young Person's Guide* are previewed in the liner notes: "The text . . . been edited with the composer's approval especially for this recording. . . . This is one of seve different language versions recorded by Mr. Maazel." The revised text turns out to be more pre tentious than the original one, and, therefore, less appropriate for the novice listener. Maazel make use of such confusing gimmicks as spoken asides to the orchestra in French, and an unnecessarily formal announcement at the beginning in which he tells the listener his name and that of the work. (Presumably that information was known at the time the disk was purchased.) Maazel also does music education a small disservice by mispronouncing Purcell—he puts the accent on the second syllable—just as he minimizes the impact of the narrative by speaking it himself. Amateurishly. His Prokofiev is unorthodox (extremes in tempi) but pleasant nevertheless, as is Clunes's recitation. Maazel overaccents the Britten score, but, in this case, that may be appropriate.
Rachmaninov: Piano Concerto No. 3 in D minor, Opus 30. Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, with Anatole Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London Stereo CS 6359, $5.98.	London may have planned this release to capitalize on Ashkenazy's Soviet "defection," but, in fact, it coincides with his announced decision to change his mind and stay in Russia. If this means that U.S. audiences will now be hearing less of him, the superlative Rachmaninov recording underscores our loss. The pianist makes no bones about his esteem for the Concerto in the program notes—his own—but his admiration is expressed more eloquently in the performance. Despite his remarkable technique, Ashkenazy proves himself concerned primarily with lyricism; bravura is of only incidental importance. As a result, even the bombastic passages sound musical, and, naturally, none of the innately musical passages sound bombastic (a claim that cannot be made for some of Ashkenazy's peers when they tackle the romantics). Fistoulari fails to dominate the work as the pianist does, but he makes no false steps either, and the LSO responds accordingly.
Strauss, Richard: *Also sprach Zarathustra.* Lorin Maazel conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel Stereo S 35994, $5.98.	Judging from this, his first Angel recording, Maazel finds Strauss more congenial in the heroic, quasi-mystical posturings of *Zarathustra* than in the sensitive and witty *Rosenkavalier,* in which he was exposed to New York last winter. Nevertheless, in a catalogue that currently includes the mellow readings of Reiner and Böhm, not to mention the more muscular effort of Karajan, Maazel's version has little *raison d'être* beyond its acoustical clarity and musical impetuosity. The latter quality also gets Maazel in trouble, for it encourages him to magnify trivia out of proportion. Furthermore, he permits exaggerations in dynamics (usually loud) and tempo (usually fast) to make the score sound more pompous than poignant, more tricky than tremendous. The Philharmonia responds to his every whim magnificently. Curiously enough, when this performance was released in Europe, it was coupled with *Till Eulenspiegel,* a "bonus" denied U.S. listeners.
The Art of the Prima Ballerina. Excerpts from *La Bayadère* and *Don Quixote* (Minkus); *Les Millions d'Arlequin* (Drigo); *William Tell* (Rossini); *Giselle* (Adam); *La Sylphide* (Lovenskjold); *Swan Lake, The Sleeping Beauty, The Nutcracker* (Tchaikovsky); *La Favorita* (Donizetti), etc. Richard Bonynge conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London Stereo CSA 2213, $11.96.	*The Art of the Prima Ballerina* would have made a splendid film. Unfortunately, however, it remains an aural experience, and ballet, in essence, is anything but that. The elaborate brochure boasts many fascinating photographs of famous ballerinas in the vehicles represented, the accompanying notes are relatively illuminating, and Alicia Markova ("perhaps the last great Romantic ballerina of the Western World," we are told!) gives the project her seal of approval. Nevertheless, the result is nothing more than four long sides of magnificently reproduced ballet extracts, the musical significance of which is rather scant—especially when taken out of context. Bonynge's initial solo effort on LP finds him in commendable control of his non-Herculean assignment. Since his experience in the ballet pit is seemingly nonexistent, however, such considerations as accurate dancing tempi must be attributed to Markova, an admittedly subjective authority. —Martin Bernheimer.

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Heifetz's Beethoven Again

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas for violin and piano (complete). Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Emanuel Bay and Brooks Smith, piano.* RCA-Victor LM-6707. Five records, boxed, with booklet, $24.98.

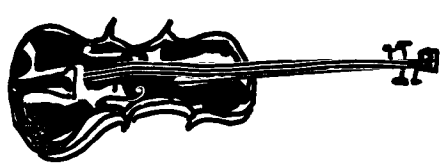
THIS album consists of recordings made over a period of years. They were previously issued as single records, but many are no longer listed in the catalogue. In the process of reissue, the over-all sound has acquired more depth, the violin tone more brightness, and the surfaces extreme quiet. Beethoven collectors and Heifetz fans will welcome this attractive set, which presents authoritative interpretations of some of the greatest violin music ever composed.

Unlike the sonata cycles for piano or for cello, the violin sonatas reflect somewhat limited aspect of Beethoven's personality, for he did not write for the violin during his last, complex period. But what the violin sonatas may lack in profundity, they make up in youthful freshness. Nine of the ten sonatas were composed between 1798 and 1803, when Beethoven had freed himself from the influence of his mentors. They represent him as an extrovert, bold and inventive, culminating in that virtuoso sonata known as the *Kreutzer*. Beethoven writes idiomatically for both instruments. The difficult piano parts are obviously conceived for his own use. He also had firsthand experience with the violin which he had played professionally as a youth in Bonn. In Vienna, he was surrounded by violinists – Kreutzer, Bridgetower, Schuppanzigh – whom he alternately consulted and insulted. Historically, Beethoven's violin sonatas are significant because they establish a balanced partnership between the two instruments. Yet, so strong was the tradition of piano domination that some of these sonatas were published as "for the piano *with accompaniment* of a violin."

Essentially, the creative impulse for these sonatas came from the piano. They demand strong pianistic initiative. Heifetz's collaborators at the piano are Emanuel Bay, who plays nine of the sonatas, and Brooks Smith, his partner in the *Kreutzer*. (Why are their names listed so inconspicuously?) Both are accomplished ensemble players, long associated with Heifetz. In fact, however, they "accompany" him, shape their phrases according to his taste, play in a manner to fit his concept; this deprives the music of some of the excitement inherent in the collaboration of two distinct personalities. One remembers with nostalgia such sonata teams as Rachmaninov and Kreisler, Cortot and Thibaud, or, for that matter, Moiseiwitch and Heifetz. This, however, is not meant to detract from the accomplishments of the Messrs. Bay and Smith, who handle their difficult task with discretion and polish.

The Beethoven sonatas encompass a wide range of moods, from Rococo grace to Romantic passion. Heifetz interprets them all with mastery, objectivity, and aristocratic taste. Yet, some of them are closer to his temperament than others, which is only natural in an undertaking of such scope. Heifetz is at his best in those works requiring virility and brilliance. Thus, the grandiose Sonata, Op. 30, No. 1 in C minor –perhaps the most exciting of the set– receives a spacious, powerful reading in which drama and meditation are beautifully balanced. The vivacious Sonata, Op. 30, No. 3, after a somewhat heavy start, fairly crackles with brilliance. In the impassioned Sonata, Op. 23 in A minor, Heifetz chooses a rather deliberate tempo, robbing the initial Presto of some of its urgency but permitting more expressiveness. The *Kreutzer* Sonata, always a towering achievement of Heifetz, receives an interpretation admirable in many ways: the virile drive of the Presto, the tonal beauty of the Andante, the breath-taking speed and precision of the Finale. Perhaps some of the variations are a shade too fast to be graceful, while the *minore* variation becomes unexpectedly lachrymose. There is occasional stridency and raspiness that could be due to faulty microphoning. On the whole, the older Heifetz *Kreutzer* Sonata, made with the late Benno Moiseiwitch, is superior.

The three Sonatas of Op. 12 receive interpretations stressing vitality and energy rather than gracefulness. It is well to remember that these sonatas, the earliest of the set, still retain much of the eighteenth-century style; in fact, the use of a harpsichord was permissible in place of the more modern pianoforte, as the title of the first edition indicates. The rarely heard Sonata Op. 30, No. 1, is memorable mainly for its serene, Schubertian Adagio, which Heifetz plays with ravishing tone. As for the popular *Spring* Sonata (Op. 24), the performers seem thoroughly tired of its pristine charm; it receives a hurried, perfunctory reading.



WITHIN this cycle, the tenth and last Sonata, Op. 96, is a category by itself. Separated by nine years from its predecessor, the *Kreutzer*, it presents a striking contrast and, in fact, foreshadows Beethoven's complex late period. The Sonata Op. 96 was not "quickly written," as Mr. Burk surmises, since sketches reach back over a year. But its completion was hastened by the arrival in Vienna of the famous French violinist Pierre Rode. He gave the first performance of this sonata in December, 1812, with Archduke Rudolph at the piano. Reluctantly, Beethoven tried to adjust his work to Rode's playing which may account for its stylistic compromise between evanescent lyricism and robust vigor. These contrasting moods are admirably projected by Heifetz, though one could have wished for more repose in the introspective first movement. The slow sections are played with moving intensity while the effective closing passage–Beethoven's tribute to Rode's virtuosity–ascends with the flash of a rocket.

RCA-Victor lavished more money than imagination on the elegant booklet accompanying the set. Next to impressive photos of Heifetz are two pictures of Beethoven that are poorly chosen and unidentified. One is a drawing by Moritz von Schwind, done from memory after the composer's death; the other is an oil portrait by Waldmueller dating from Beethoven's last years (1823) and considered a poor likeness by his contemporaries. The text of the booklet consists mainly of reprints: a lengthy excerpt from Romain Rolland's *Beethoven the Creator*, and notes on the violin sonatas drawn from John N. Burke's biography, *The Life and Works of Beethoven*. Burk, usually a skilful annotator, is not at his best in these comments; they are dutiful, but hardly illuminating. Finally, there is a brief essay, *Impressions of Heifetz*, by Joseph Wechsberg. Certainly, Heifetz does not need this type of saccharine adulation. Corelli's classic epithet can be applied to him–he is the *maestro dei maestri*.

–BORIS SCHWARZ.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Borodin: Quartet No. 2 in D; Shostakovich: Quartet No. 8, Opus 110. The Borodin Quartet. London Stereo CS 6338, $5.98.	The Borodin-Shostakovich coupling may be more meaningful to visitors at the Edinburgh Festival of 1962 than to the average record buyer; the two quartets have rather little in common except their nationality, extremes of romanticism, and the fact that the Borodin ensemble played both during its successful visit to Scotland last summer. The group's affinity for Shostakovich's most recent quartet (1960) has already been demonstrated effectively on a Mercury LP, where it was more sensibly coupled with the same composer's Fourth. The cerebral appeal and controlled emotion of the contemporary Russian master, as reflected in the Eighth, suit the Borodin Quartet's dry tone and unsentimental attitude better than the bittersweet meanderings of their nineteenth-century namesake. The restraint of the performance is counterbalanced by notes that claim the Borodin *Notturno* is "the most delicious night music ever written." Mozart, anyone?
Haydn: *Missa Solemnis* in B flat (*"Harmoniemesse"*). Christine Sorell, soprano; Maura Moreira, mezzo-soprano; Kurt Equiluz, tenor; Peter Wimberger, bass; the Akademie Kammerchor and Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by George Barati. Lyrichord Stereo LLST 7111, $5.98 Haydn: *Missa in Tempore Belli* (*"Paukenmesse"*). Elizabeth Thomann, Gertrude Jahn, Stafford Wing, Eishi Kawamura; the Vienna Chamber Choir and Chamber Orchestra of the Vienna Symphony conducted by Hans Gillesberger. Vox 500.850, $4.98.	Although a recording of Haydn's last composition (the *"Harmoniemesse"*) is most welcome, and although there is no harm in having available a second version of the fresher *"Paukenmesse"* (1796), neither performance represents a major effort, or, for that matter, a major success. To do justice to these deceptively straightforward works requires more polish and style-awareness than the assorted Viennese forces assembled here demonstrate. Gillesberger and his weak soloists cannot really compete with their counterparts on Vanguard's *"Paukenmesse"* (Wöldike, Davrath, Roessel-Majdan, Dermota and Berry), and mushy stereo reproduction hardly strengthens the case for Vox, solid orchestral and choral contributions notwithstanding. Barati and his associates adhere to a higher professional standard, especially where the soprano and bass are concerned. But the final result still suggests a run-through of the work rather than a re-creation of it. Lyrichord's engineers have failed to reduce surface noise to a minimum, just as they have overlooked the maximum benefits of stereo.
Mendelssohn: Trio in D minor, Opus 49; Fauré: Trio, Opus 120. André Previn, piano, Feri Roth, violin, Joseph Schuster, cello. Columbia Stereo MS 6463, $5.98.	On paper the Messrs. Previn, Roth, and Schuster promise to be an unlikely (and uneven) triumvirate for the dissimilar requirements of Mendelssohn and Fauré, but, in effect, they provide a unified, subjective outlook on both. That outlook turns out to be strong in accuracy, unsubtle in nuance, and seemingly unconcerned with the finesse usually expected in this repertory. It is convincing in its own way, however, and especially valid in the vaguely classical lyricism of Fauré's penultimate work, otherwise unavailable on LP. Roth leads the trio with a firm sense of rhythm and phrase that compensates for his less than sensuous tone, and provides a good example for the glibly inclined Previn. For his part, Shuster offers solid foundation support in terms of musicality as well as linear construction. The sound is excellent.
Milhaud: *Divertissement en trois parties pour quintette à vent;* Britten: *Simple Symphony;* Poulenc: *Suite Francaise pour orchestre;* Jolivet: *Concerto pour basson, orchestre à cordes et piano.* Ensemble instrumental à vent de Paris; the Sarre Chamber Orchestra conducted by K. Ristenpart; F. Poulenc conducting the Ensemble of Soloists; M. Allard, bassoon with the Cento Soli Orchestra conducted by R. Albert. Music Guild Stereo S-39, $6.50.	The gentlemen at Music Guild obviously had a difficult time finding a title that would embr all four works performed here, for they ended up simply calling the album *Twentieth-Cent* Music. The decision seems rather ill-advised, for, in the instances represented, the Messrs. Milhaud, Britten, Poulenc, and Jolivet owe more to past centuries than to the present one. The selections have some other elements in common, too: three are French; all require small ensembles; each is conservative in language, though the accents vary from baroque to romantic; none represents its composer at his most inspired, but there is a high level of craftsmanship in each. Without exception, the performances are knowledgeable, though understated. A more aggressive approach might have enlivened the Britten, but no *esprit* is lacking in the Poulenc (previously available only in the piano version). The sprightly Milhaud *Divertissement* (1958) and the nervous, rambling Jolivet Concerto (1954) are both recorded for the first time.
Mozart: Divertimento in B flat, K. 287; Haydn, Michael: Divertimento in G. Members of the Vienna Octet. London Stereo CS 6352, $5.98.	Although Joseph Haydn's youngest brother, Michael, is practically forgotten today, he was a thoroughgoing and sometimes elegant composer in his own right. As organist at St. Peter's in Salzburg, he definitely influenced Mozart, and his Divertimento clearly foreshadows the younger composer's. The charm is there, even if Mozartean imagination isn't. The Vienna Octet plays the lesser Haydn with the same style and affection they would no doubt lavish on the greater one. "Discovered" at the British Museum, the score was edited—tastefully—by Johann Krump, the Octet's bass player. Comparable taste marks the performance of the Mozart, and it is good to have the latter available in a small-scale chamber performance as opposed to the relatively massive orchestral versions of Karajan (Angel) and Toscanini (RCA).
Schumann: *Carnaval; Fantasiestücke.* Arthur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor Stereo LSC-2669, $5.98; Mono LM-2669, $4.98.	Rubinstein has recorded both *Carnaval* and the *Fantasiestücke* before, but this is the first time that the two are coupled on LP. They make a felicitous combination, especially since the new versions find Rubinstein at his most refined. "Florestan" and "Eusebius," the opposing poles of Schumann's creative personality, emerge as compatible—even logical—outgrowths of the same thought. Rubinstein also brings just the right feeling of improvisation to the dreamier *Fantasiestücke,* but he never mistakes mawkishness for nineteenth-century emotion. It is as a romantic stylist, in fact, that he teaches the most poignant lessons: how to use liberal rubati without distorting the phrase; how to adopt a generous dynamic scale without destroying intimacy.
Wagner: Excerpts from *Walküre* and *Rheingold:* "Im Treibhaus," "Träume." Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Claire Watson, soprano; George London, Otto Edelmann, baritones; the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Georg Solti and Hans Knappertsbusch. London Stereo OS 25778, $5.98.	Flagstad is authoritative at worst, remarkably fresh and powerful in much of this *In Memoriam* release culled from her London stereo-era recordings. Brünnhilde's lengthy scena finds her at her best interpretively, if a bit strained vocally. But the Fricka episode serves little purpose out of context, except, perhaps, to remind that Flagstad had a notable predecessor in undertaking both soprano and mezzo roles: Sophie Stehle, the original Munich Fricka, later became the first Brünnhilde. Sieglinde's two "arias" make sense by themselves and benefit from Flagstad's tonal opulence, but the two Wesendonck songs seem unjustified without their companion pieces.
Walton-Sitwell: *Facade;* Ibert: *Divertissement.* Vera Zorina, recitation, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia Stereo MS 6449, $5.98.	The *Facade* performance is haunted by memories of Edith Sitwell's bullfrogish basso as preserv in all its splendor on the old Columbia set and, with less freshness, on the more recent London version. Zorina gives a cheerful and original account of the verses, but, instead of letting the rhyme and rhythm speak for themselves, as the author herself did, she recites in a lilting soprano that avoids British crispness and all but apologizes for its inability to sing. The bite of Walton's score is blunted in proportion with that of Sitwell's words, and Ormandy's sober contribution doesn't help matters. The less subtle Ibert *Divertissement* fares better, but here, too, a more relaxed approach might have added point to the caricature. Columbia's excellent sound, with its careful stereo balance between voice and instruments in the Walton, serves only to make the miscalculations more apparent.—M.B.

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The Other Side

LONDON.

IT IS good news indeed that HMV, which used to take pride in its Glyndebourne recordings but has tended in recent years to ignore the festival's offerings, intends to preserve this year's *Incoronazione di Poppea* at least to the extent of a disc of highlights, although it seems an act of shameful timidity not to record the entire work. One only has to hear the recent Vox version—a fairly complete version, recorded in Germany—to be aware of Glyndebourne's immense superiority, both in the quality of the actual performance and in the imaginativeness of the realization.

New issues reach their lowest ebb at this time of year: I sometimes suspect that the companies would gladly skip one or two summer months altogether but for the embarrassment this would cause to periodicals devoted to record reviews. HMV's list is confined to a pair of German-made discs—Bach's *Birthday Cantata* plus a short solo cantata by Telemann mourning the death of a canary (Fischer-Dieskau and other soloists, with choir and orchestra conducted by Karl Forster), and highlights from *Das Rheingold*. Despite some fine conducting by Kempe, the latter issue—containing the entire first scene minus the Prelude and a patchwork sequence of excerpts from the final scene—seems rather irrelevant in view of the complete Decca album, the more so since most of the singers, the orchestra, and the recording fail to reach the memorable standard set by Solti, Culshaw, and company.

Scarcely more extensive are the current Decca-group releases, with the parent-label limited to Dvorák's G-major Symphony and *Scherzo Capriccioso* and an attractive Ansermet EP disc devoted to minor Stravinsky (Four Etudes, and the Suite No. 1 for Small Orchestra). The two Dvorák works are excellently played by the London Symphony and I enjoyed the alert, invigorating manner of Istvan Kertesz's conducting. Best of all, however, is the recording, whose superlative presence and tonal blend affords ample proof of Decca's continued leadership in the technical field.

From RCA we have a commendable Debussy program (*Après-midi d'un faune Nuages, Fêtes, Printemps Suite*) by the Boston Symphony under Munch, another disc of Bach organ works played by Carl Weinrich, and a two-disc set entitled *Summer Festival* that is little more than a glorified sampler of RCA's classical catalogue; Brunswick continues its most welcome series by the New York Pro Musica surveying sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century treasures with a delightful anthology of Elizabethan and Jacobean Ayres, Madrigals, and Dances (with Gibbons's *Street Cries of London* as its *pièce de résistance*); a new and beautifully recorded recital by a London chamber orchestra, the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, led by Neville Marriner, features suave and stylish performances of concertos by Handel, Telemann, Albinoni, Manfredini, and Charles Avison.

But it is left to Decca's smallest subsidiary, Argo, to enliven the lean midsummer with some characteristic and varied fare embracing the spoken word, choral music, and the music of the railroad. With *The Hollow Crown*, its entertaining and highly original anthology devoted to the kings and queens of England, the Royal Shakespeare Company of Stratford-on-Avon scored a resounding success both in the theatre and on records. Since then John Barton arranged other, similar programs for the company, and one of these, entitled *The Vagaries of Love*, has now been issued by Argo in shortened form as *Now, What Is Love?* The latter title is taken from a poem by Sir Walter Raleigh that frames this amorous anthology of poetry and prose, ranging from Genesis to D. H. Lawrence and set out under a variety of headings.

Another poetic anthology just published by Argo bears the title of *Barrow Collection*. This is a wide-ranging miscellany, interspersed with brief musical items involving a violinist and an oboist, presented by a group calling itself the Barrow Poets. It was in 1951, during the Festival of Britain, that a few London University graduates hit upon the idea of selling poetry from a barrow. When they were refused a license for this novel form of street trading (had the London County Council never heard of poetic license?), they turned to "Poetry in Pubs" and, supported by certain brewers and of the Arts Council, this group has been touring public houses with their poetry cabaret for more than a decade. The team here recorded consists of eight speakers and two musicians; their names may be quite unknown to a wider public, but they are most expert and highly entertaining performers, adept at dialects and possessing a lively sense of humor. The deftly arranged program—made up of many short items ranging from the Song of Solomon to Ogden Nash—is thoroughly enjoyable.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

"One of the most deeply moving works of our century" Desmond Shawe-Taylor, London Sunday Times

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The Amen Corner

THE PAINS of the record reviewer—even the jazz record reviewer—are never done. For instance, I have recently been asked by several eager people: "What is this bossa nova music?" In an effort to be helpful, I have begun by saying that the term "bossa nova" was applied during the past few years to certain Brazilian musical performances characterized, among other things, by romantic atmosphere and a delicate use of propulsive rhythms in the general area of *samba rhythms.* Before I have been able to go any further, my listeners have said: "But is this bossa nova any good?" "Well," I have answered, "that depends upon who is doing it, and what particular music they are doing." At this point, my collocutors have looked at me suspiciously and sighed: "But isn't it all just a fad?" This has led me, in some desperation, to blurt out: "Jeepers, that wouldn't prevent some of the bossa nova from being good and some from being bad, would it? After all, wouldn't it be fair to say that, for a while at least, Wagner was a fad?"

I submit that if this order, or disorder, of things were to occur in the discussion of classic Western music, one might hear some such give-and-take as the following:

QUESTIONER: "What are these so-called *intermezzos*?"

ME: "The preferred usage for the plural is the Italian—*intermezzi.* However, to answer your query, among the most familiar forms, according to an English musical lexicographer named R. Illing, are 'small-scale independent compositions . . . by Schumann, Brahms and others. . . .'"

Q.: "But are they worth a damn?"

M.: "Well, that depends on whether you like Schumann or Brahms—or, rather, whether you like the particular composition of Schumann or Brahms, or someone else, which is being offered under the title of an *intermezzo,* and, furthermore, whether you like the rendition that is being supplied."

Q.: "You have the gift of putting things very clearly. But, tell me, does anybody ever write anything called an *intermezzo* any more?"

M.: "Possibly not—although I don't see what's to prevent it. However, I can't imagine what that has to do with the value of the *intermezzi* that have already been written."

Q.: "But you have suggested that they were of differing value."

M.: "They most certainly are."

Q. (looking exceedingly patronizing): "Well, would you care to recommend some of the best?"

M.: "That is a decidedly personal matter. For instance, like a lot of other people, I am very fond of the evanescent little Brahms C-Major. On the whole, I think you had better arrange to hear a good many *intermezzi,* in live performance or on the phonograph or both, and if possible repeatedly, and then make your own judgments."

Q.: "But I don't have the time."

M.: "Then I think you had better take your questions about the *intermezzi* and put them in your filtered cigarette holder and smoke them."

I am bound to say that I consider this imaginary scene to be only slightly exaggerated. There may be those who, on the strength of it, will consider that I have been keeping pretty loose company, semantically speaking. I can only assure them that talk of this degree of murkiness is quite common in circles not too far removed from, say, the National Institute of Arts and Letters. And if that reference seems a trifle stuffy, I promise that the atmosphere of the avant-garde deliberations is often not much clearer.

I hope I may now suggest that an LP called *Once More! Charlie Byrd's Bossa Nova* (Riverside RM 454) is not a belated attempt to capitalize on a fad that may well be declining. It is, rather, fine music in the insidious, pulsing Brazilian idiom. The guitarist Charles Byrd is one of the leading American interpreters of Brazil, a player of high sensuousness; he is surrounded here by numerous of his associates in Washington, D.C., including Keter Betts, bass; Gene Byrd, guitar or bass; Bill Reichenbach and Buddy Deppenschmidt, drums and Latin percussion; Hal Posey, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Samuel Ramsey, French horn; Tommy Gwaltney, vibraharp; and three cellists. The themes are mostly Brazilian or Byrd originals, but perhaps the most delightful item on the program is the South American treatment of "Anna."

The prevailing mood of this music is dulcet, and so is that of another LP, this one in the swinging Afro-American tradition: *Down Home: Sam Jones and Company* (Riverside RLP 432). Jones, one of the most accomplished of modern jazz string men, leads four of the tracks on the string bass, and the other four on the cello. The themes are widely varied, from seductive Jones originals and Horace Silver's elegant "strollin'" to standards such as "Falling in Love with Love." The personnel and instrumentation constantly change, but the general effect of the album is of rich, discreet, nocturnal jazz, jazz with a fine feeling for *piano* and indeed *pianissimo.* —WILDER HOBSON.

Martin

Continued from page 38

standing works. One is a seqcence of two pieces—or rather of two titles, *De Querer Amores* and *Si Has Querer Amores,* for it is all one piece—which is an admirable evocation of atmosphere in a café, complete with smoke, murky conviviality, rhythmic foot-tapping under the large shadowed table, and romantic crosscurrents. The other is a terse telling of the tragic death of La Petenera, that unwilling and fatal seductress of legend, eloquently and poetically played and danced by Maria Alba (who is altogether enchanting) along with Ximenez and Vargas.

Outstanding individual numbers include Ramon de los Reyes's *Sacromonte;* the *Danza del Chivato* of Vargas, one of his earliest solos from the days when he was with La Argentinita; the *Zapateado del Estampio* of Ximenez; a particularly engaging old ritual dance from Asturias by Ximenez and four girls; and so on and so forth.

The second program contained the première of a suite called *Pinceladas,* dedicated to Shawn. It consists of three dances by men, including a polo by de los Reyes, and after it has had a bit more performing it should be a first-rate number.

AS FOR the company, it is itself a triumph for the directors in both its unity and the excellence of its artists as individuals. Certainly Maria Alba is a marvelous artist, on the same high level as her two male colleagues. She can dance, she can act without being pretentious about it, she is musical and beautiful, and she is subcutaneously conscious of every accept and nuance of the choreographer's intent. Ramon de los Reyes has, besides his ability as a dancer, a winning and easy comic gift, and the chubby Sara de Luis aids and abets him, and others, delightfully. Roberto Cartagena is an excellent soloist with conspicuously fine feet, and the five other dancers do well what falls to them.

In the musical department, Chinin de Triana is a brilliant flamenco singer; Juan Sastro and Juan Mejias are capable and collaborative guitarists; and Antonio Mele, the musical director, plays the off-stage piano.

What is distinctive about the lot of them is that they are not only artists but performers, just as the repertoire and its manner of presentation are at the same time fine art and slick theatre. In spite of what is often said to the contrary, it is demonstrably possible to be both.

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And All That Jazz

Continued from page 39

the romantic "Guitar Amour," and Johnny Hodges, the supreme alto saxophonist, lifting the crowd as surely as ever on "Things Ain't What They Used to Be." After Baby Lawrence had danced, the climactic moment came, and Duke elected to sing, or rather recite, a timely and brilliantly witty comment on the civil rights struggle. His own satirical paraphrase of "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho," began: "King fit the battle of Alabam, Birmingham, Alabam. . . ." A delighted audience gave him an ovation.

There were four other big bands at the festival, but none so well equipped as Ellington's for the place of honor. On opening night, the range and weight of Stan Kenton's eighteen brass (five trumpets, five trombones and four mellophoniums) were impressive, but Ellington's eight (five trumpets and three trombones) were superior in their bite and assertiveness. The total effect of the Kenton ensemble inclined to be top-heavy and the material was far less varied and colorful. The energy and zest of Maynard Ferguson's band made it superficially more exciting than Kenton's, but it was still too dependent upon the leader's own virtuosity. His duets with Dusko Goykovitch and the drumming of Rufus Jones were noteworthy, however. The Pennsbury High School Stage Band (with nine brass and five saxes) was a very good ensemble, especially considering that the average age of the players was sixteen, but as with so many school and college bands, there was too much Kenton and not enough Basie in the approach. The last concert was introduced by the Westwood (Massachusetts) High School Dance Band. Though the ensemble was rather less precise, the young tenor and trombone soloists did particularly well.

AMONG small groups new to the festival were the trios of Angelo DiPippo and Joe Daley, both composed of good musicians but both expendable from a jazz viewpoint. On the other hand, the Martial Solal, Ramsey Lewis, and McCoy Tyner trios, like the Paul Winter Sextet, had something to say and said it effectively. Lewis's bassist, Eldee Young, took to the cello for one number that was very well received. Among the regulars were the extremely popular Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, and George Wein's All Stars. The last group, which included Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell and the marvelous Ruby Braff, was the only one to make even a token nod in the direction of Dixieland. The power of the blues, basic riffs, and the organ were simultaneously and very adequately demonstrated by the Jimmy Smith Trio.

The sound system generally seemed much improved on that of previous years. A consistently good pickup on the bass was a big asset, but drums were often too loud. An insoluble problem still exists, however, where the smaller, more intimate groups are concerned. Stan Kenton observed: "To people sitting two blocks away, the show could be records with a group of pantomimists on stage."

THE activities of the recording companies were not always benign or unobtrusive. On the final night, for instance, Herbie Mann's Sextet played for considerably more than an hour and at one point, dissatisfied with an introduction, Mann stopped the performance and called out, "Take Two!" just as if he were in a record studio. As a result, presumably, of this kind of thing John Coltrane's quartet (it had driven down from Montreal that day) concluded a concert scheduled to end at 10 P.M., nearly two hours later, by which time most of the audience had left. Similarly, on the second night, Dizzy Gillespie and Milt Jackson found themselves playing in the chilly night air of 1 A.M. to a majority of empty seats. The solution would seem to be fewer groups, an earlier start each night, or stricter control of recording time.

As indicated at the beginning of this report, it is impossible to please any jazz lover all of the time, but next year's festival could be improved by the substitution of singers like Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Jimmy Rushing, Joe Turner, and Jimmy Witherspoon for some of those engaged this time. And the blues singers belong just as much to a jazz festival as to a folk festival. The success of Howard McGhee suggests, too, that other senior musicians like Buck Clayton, Shorty Baker, Emmett Berry, Vic Dickenson, Dicky Wells, Ben Webster, Budd Johnson, Buddy Tate, Sir Charles Thompson, Al Casey, and Tiny Grimes be given a chance at Freebody Park, even if it is at the expense of accordionists and flutists.

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

MORE ABOUT PETRI

THE ARTICLE by the late Jan Holcman, "Petri in Retrospect" [*SR*, May 25], was a wonderful tribute to an excellent musician. I would, however, like to clarify Mr. Holcman's statement that Petri "was far more a pupil of Busoni's than other virtuoso students such as Zadora or Sirota."

It may be true that Petri was in closer and more constant contact with Busoni, but it is Leo Sirota who is considered as continuing in the true Busoni tradition of piano playing (a style that is certainly disappearing among the younger generation of pianists). Sirota was the favored student who was asked by Busoni to introduce his monumental Concerto for Piano, Orchestra, and Chorus in Vienna, Busoni conducting, in December, 1910.

I have been fortunate enough to read letters from Busoni to Sirota which clearly indicate that Busoni not only considered Sirota his most outstanding piano student but also, while as a pupil (to use the words of Busoni), "a colleague."

EDWARD PETSCH.

St. Louis, Mo.

HOLCMAN'S LOGIC

IT WAS WITH deep regret that I read of the death of Jan Holcman. He was, so far as I know, the only critic of the piano, or of any music for that matter, who endeavored to place any real, presentable logic behind his critical conclusions. If he deplored those who declared that his judgments were a matter of taste, it was because he, with his remarkable knowledge of pianism, realized that the creation of great keyboard art is much more than merely an expression of the pianist's opinion. His death leaves a void that will not be easily filled.

DENIS L. DUTTON.

North Hollywood, Calif.

REISSUES REQUESTED

MANY THANKS TO Irving Kolodin for recommending a reissue of Eleanor Steber's brilliant and memorable Mozart arias record [*SR*, May 25]. I once wrote to Mme. Steber urging that she get the tapes from Columbia and reissue these materials on her own ST/AND label, but my suggestion apparently went unheeded. Perhaps your encouragement, coupled with a favorable reader response, will provide the necessary stimulus to Columbia to do the job itself. I hope so.

While we're on the subject of reissues, has this Wagner anniversary year provoked an agitation for a reissue of Victor LM-1000 (the Awakening Duet from *Siegfried,* as sung by Eileen Farrell and Set Svanholm, with Leinsdorf conducting)? Surely this is in a class with the other notable Wagner reissues of the past year and deserves to be made available again. Farrell's voice is at its freshest and most lyrical in this recording, her interpretation breathtakingly rapturous. Many listeners, like me, will find the performance much more thrilling and satisfying in many ways than the Nilsson-Windg[illegible] version on the new London set. Wagn[illegible] and Farrell fans alike should be clamo[illegible] for this record. The latter welcomed with open arms MGM's reissue of the *Interrupted Melody* sound track (surely not Mme. Farrell's most distinguished achievement). How much more eager they should be for this example of her very best work. Does anyone second the motion?

G.R.P.

St. Louis, Mo.

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Presidential Decision–Making

Continued from page 15

lonely decision was his–and he made it in good time.

Limits of previous commitments: These include commitments or principles of the nation or party, commitments or precedents of an earlier President, commitments or decisions of a subordinate official, and the statements of the President himself. Of all these, party platforms and campaign promises are often the least confining, for they are usually worded by both parties with sufficient art to permit some elasticity, if not evasion.

The clearest limitations of all are those imposed by a President's own decisions. He need not make a fetish of consistency but he must avoid confusion or the appearance of deception. He will in most cases, therefore, adopt his own policies as precedents and consider his own statements as binding, whether they were contained in an informal answer to a press conference question or in a formal document of state. If the President solemnly promises to submit a balanced budget–or to reduce the outflow of gold–or to [illegible]b civilian appropriations – the country, the Congress, and the Executive Branch will all assume that such pledges were not lightly made and must not be lightly taken; and the weight of those words will narrow many subsequent Presidential choices.

To refer once again to this nation's response to the presence of Soviet missiles in Cuba, this decision was not wholly developed during the seven days preceding its announcement. President Kennedy, on the morning of the first of those seven days, sent for copies of all his earlier statements on Cuba–on the presence of offensive, as distinguished from defensive, weapons–on threats to our vital interests–and on our armed intervention on that island. These earlier decisions made it unlikely that he would respond to the October crisis by doing nothing and unlikely that his first step would be an invasion.

Here, too, the nation's basic commitment to tradition and principle was involved. An air strike on military installations in Cuba, without any advance warning, was rejected as a "Pearl Harbor in reverse" – and no one could devise a form of advance warning (other than the quarantine itself, which was a type of warning) that would not leave this nation vulnerable to either endless discussion and delay (while work on the missiles went forward) or to a harsh indictment in the opinion and history of the world.

Similarly, in the summer of 1961, our diplomatic and military responses to each aggravation in West Berlin were kept consistent with general allied policy in the area. And the fiscal questions this crisis posed are an example of two prior commitments in conflict. A tax cut at that time, while it might have strengthened the economy at a crucial moment, could not be included in an emergency program for increasing burdens and effort; while a tax increase, though it might have helped pay for rising defense costs, would have been incompatible with the President's pledge on the nation's economic recovery. "The special train," Dr. Jessup has said, "must run on the same tracks which carry the regularly scheduled traffic."

Limits of available information: Implicit in these limits is the President's need to make certain that as much information as possible is available. Reliance solely on official channels has never proven to be wise. For there will always be subordinates who are willing to tell a President only what they want him to hear, or, what is even worse, only what they think he wants to hear.

President Kennedy, for example, although he is careful to rely primarily on the responsible officers involved when a final decision is to be made, seeks independent information from a variety of unofficial sources: newspapers, magazines, books, radio, television, visitors, friends, politicians, pollsters, the spokesmen for private organizations, and a sampling of mail.

Add any or all of these to the tides of official memoranda, reports, cables, intelligence briefings, analyses, and other government documents, and the occupant of the White House risks drowning in paper. There is a temptation, consequently, to exclude unpleasant information, yet rational decisions require an understanding of opposed positions. There is a temptation to require more screening of information, with only the most salient facts filtering through on one-page memoranda. But while a President cannot permit himself to be submerged in detail, he cannot afford to know so little as to shut out perspective and new inspiration. What information he actually considers and retains may well be the key to what he decides, and those in turn may depend on his confidence in the source and on the manner in which the facts are presented. He is certain to regard some officials and periodicals with more respect than others.

The primary problem of Presidential information, however, is usually not an abundance of reliable data but a shortage, especially in foreign affairs.

In these last two years, for example, the President has had to judge whether this nation's resumption of nuclear tests would increase or diminish the prospects for a test ban treaty, whether our quarantine around the island of Cuba would lead to Soviet submarine warfare, to a Berlin blockade, or to Soviet ships turning back.

Domestic decisions also involve uncertainty: whether a Presidential appeal for a health insurance program would diminish or stiffen the opposition, whether Presidential criticism of a union or industry which is threatening industrial peace or price stability would bring a reconsideration or merely an angry rebuff. These are the kinds of facts a President would like to know but cannot know on the domestic scene, where one miscalculation can endanger his entire program. The gaps in Presidential information are even greater on the world scene–and there one miscalculation can endanger the nation, or even life as we know it on this planet.

YET decisions must be made. Despite gaps in his information, despite the strictures of his previous pledges, and all other limitations, the President must nevertheless make decisions every day on courses for the nation that may decide its success or survival.

Few Presidents, therefore, I am certain, could survive unless they had the capacity to say, as Franklin D. Roosevelt reportedly said to a friend: "At night, when I lay my head on my pillow . . . and I think of the things that have come before me during the day, and the decisions I have made, I say to myself–well, I have done the best I could–and I turn over and go to sleep."

President Harding, on the other hand, was one of those who did not survive; and he is reported to have burst out to a friend: "I listen to one side and they seem right, and then . . . I talk to the other side and they seem just as right, and there I am where I started. . . . God, what a job!"

What a job it is, indeed. The President may seek advice from the Congress, from the Cabinet, or from his personal advisers. He may seek the views of the press, the parties, and the public. But however numerous his counsellors, in that final moment of truth there can be no "multitudes, multitudes" in the "valley of decision." There can be only one lonely man–the President of the United States.

(*Part 2 will appear next week.*)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 9, 17, 1, 13, 2, 8, 12, 20, 6, 7, 10, 11, 5, 16, 18, 3, 14, 15, 19.

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PERSONALS

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TRAVEL ASSOCIATE wanted, postgraduate instructor touring southern Europe this fall. Box D-828.

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INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL seeks housemother for girls' dormitory. Cultured person with some nursing experience preferred. Stockbridge School, R.F.D., West Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

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5 ROOM HOME, beautiful New Hampshire, 1½ baths, garage. Box D-816.

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SUSSEX, ENGLAND. Modern 3 bedroom house, balcony, near sea, convenient London. Newly furnished — wall/wall carpeting, central heating. Garage. Available September and October. $45 weekly. References required. No children, pets. Box D-817.

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Furnished

EAST VILLAGE, NYC. Charming four rooms, furnished, September-June, reasonable, graduate student. Box D-827.

APARTMENT WANTED

FINANCIALLY STABLE young woman museum worker wants apartment under $100, East side, between 57th-96th streets, NYC. Box D-818.

APARTMENT WANTED

TO SHARE

PIED-A-TERRE WANTED—in good Manhattan, San Francisco, Phoenix or Chicago apartment. Space for few lares et penates and mail forwarding facilities required. Mature, peripatetic, retired male. Box D-613.

ROOM AVAILABLE

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CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 2, New Jersey.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue, TN 7-6690.

VACATIONS

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

(Continued on page 52)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 51)

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 daily, $70 weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

THE FALES—500 wooded Berkshire acres. Pine-paneled cottages. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

MERRIEWOODE, Highland Lake, Stoddard, New Hampshire, HIlltop 6-3349, Suggests that if you must have intelligent companionship, great beauty of environment, good food and plentiful, and things to do, MERRIEWOODE has them all to give. Non-sectarian.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

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WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, Westtown, Pennsylvania. A true Country Inn serving the best in food since 1850. Guest rooms by day, week or month. Rural atmosphere with cultural environment. Commuting distance Philadelphia and Wilmington. Children invited.

REVELATION in rustic atmosphere, architecture, comfort. Elevation 2200', Green Mountain skyline. Listed every guide to good eating. Bring camera, binoculars, fly rod. Golf, tennis, riding nearby. Family cabin colony, modern rooms. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont.

CHARMING LAKESIDE RESORT near Tanglewood Rustic Lodge, cabins, cottages. Ideal swimming, boating (2 connected lakes), tennis, other sports. Fine food, Hi-Fi music, relaxed atmosphere, no "organized" activities but plenty to do on our own grounds and nearby. Congenial, informal, moderate. 37th Season! A deep woods Shangri-La for literate people who enjoy an unpretentious, simple, unhurried vacation. Chanterwood, Box 61, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Open to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

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VACATIONS

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

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PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

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WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

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TRAVEL

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FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.'s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

TRAVEL

PHILADELPHIA (Penn Campus, "University [illegible] Culture continues through Summer: Lumadrama, [illegible] atres, museums. $5 single, $7 double, none higher, all private baths, most television and air-conditioned. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1529

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. English engineer, a principal originator of a great process of making steel (1813-98).

B. With *Harry*, familiar sobriquet of Amer. Revolutionary personality (comp.).

C. *Bull's Eye* in the heavens.

D. Widely read contemporary Amer. woman novelist, wife of a novelist.

E. Discord.

F. Vega, in the constellation Lyra (2 wds.).

G. Followed by Word H, period in Monroe's administration when there was but one political party, practically (3 wds.).

H. See Word G.

I. Kind of tree in California's famous Muir's Woods.

J. An atmospheric gas so light that, though announced by C. F. Brush, 1898, its existence could never be confirmed.

K. Mischievous.

L. Specifying the least possible trace of anything.

M. Partisan.

WORDS

184 166 146 47 117 4 183 151

206 103 187 22 85 142 164 182 197 39

172 144 46 25 161 53 91 114 86

100 147 185 209 84 9

59 95 138 19 10 120 181 173 51

191 208 30 121 63 135 177 165

33 168 104 153 57 129 7 198 3

26 192 108 76 2 137 6

18 126 93 157 111 101 13

193 131 113 162 178 77 27 98

94 127 194 186 79 24

105 99 115 11 67 55

14 8 130 109 123 89 196 132

DEFINITIONS

N. One thing Gifford's "carpet knight" went abroad to see (2 wds.).

O. English slang wd. for somebody regarded with dislike or aversion.

P. Lacking proper restraint which decency requires.

Q. Goddess of fruitfulness, both of the soil and of humankind.

R. Old French title for a noble, later applied to any person of quality.

S. Designating passive secondary lifeless products of protoplasm including inclusions (and any biologist will know at once!)

T. The late Grover Whalen's famous official capacity.

U. Osprey.

V. Submissive, compliant.

W. Followed by Word X, Laotian Prime Minister (World Almanac, 1963).

X. See Word W.

Y. Race rule.

Z. A schuit.

Z¹. Below the common stature.

WORDS

49 207 102 112 158 28 60 176

1 159 71 80 17 88 124 40

81 201 74 87 73 195 179 34

145 204 180 155 174 69 107

163 143 175 154 128 171 75

141 203 170 150 15 189 42 205

21 38 83 139 23 78 61

202 156 92 66 58 43 169 200 12

125 37 16 31 106 48 65

32 35 20 82 90 72 199 41

36 70 56 122 50 118

5 190 188 45 136 52 96 134 119 62

149 116 160 68 97 64 110

148 140 44 152 167 29 54 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 O	2 H	3 G		4 A	5 Y		6 H	7 G	8 M	9 D	10 E	11 L	12 U
13 I		14 M	15 S		16 V	17 O	18 I	19 E	20 W	21 T	22 B		23 T	24 K	25 C		26 H
27 J	28 N		29 Z¹		30 F	31 V	32 W	33 G		34 P	35 W		36 X	37 V	38 T	39 B	40 O
	41 W	42 S	43 U		44 Z¹	45 Y	46 C		47 A	48 V	49 N		50 X	51 E		52 Y	53 C
54 Z¹	55 L	56 X	57 G	58 U		59 E	60 N	61 T	62 Y	63 F	64 Z	65 V	66 U	67 L		68 Z	69 Q
70 X	71 O	72 W	73 P		74 P	75 R		76 H	77 J	78 T	79 K		80 O	81 P	82 W	83 T	
84 D	85 B		86 C	87 P		88 O	89 M	90 W	91 C	92 U		93 I	94 K	95 E	96 Y		97 Z
98 J	99 L		100 D	101 I	102 N		103 B		104 G	105 L		106 V	107 Q	108 H	109 M		110 Z
111 I		112 N	113 J	114 C	115 L	116 Z		117 A	118 X	119 Y	120 E		121 F	122 X	123 M	124 O	
125 V	126 I	127 K	128 R	129 G	130 M	131 J		132 M	133 Z¹	134 Y	135 F		136 Y	137 H	138 E	139 T	
140 Z¹	141 S		142 B	143 R	144 C	145 Q		146 A	147 D		148 Z¹	149 Z	150 S	151 A		152 Z¹	153 G
154 R	155 Q	156 U		157 I	158 N	159 O	160 Z		161 C	162 J		163 R	164 B	165 F	166 A		167 Z¹
168 G	169 U	170 S	171 R	172 C	173 E	174 Q		175 R	176 N	177 F	178 J	179 P		180 Q	181 E	182 B	183 A
	184 A	185 D	186 K	187 B	188 Y	189 S		190 Y	191 F	192 H		193 J	194 K	195 P	196 M	197 B	198 G
199 W	200 U		201 P	202 U	203 S	204 Q		205 S	206 B	207 N	208 F	209 D					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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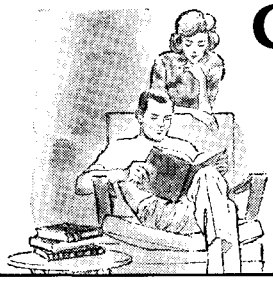

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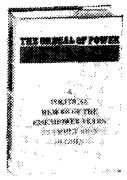

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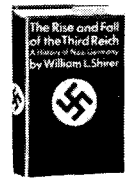

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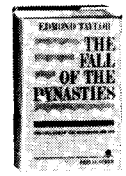

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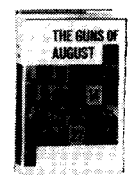

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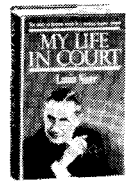

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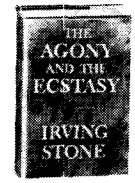

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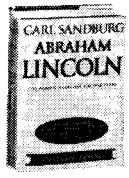

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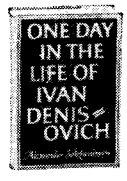

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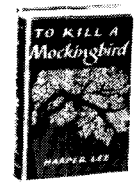

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